

CHARACTERS:

O R,

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

MANNERS of the AGE.

By Madam DEPUISIEUX.



L O N D O N :

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CHARACTERS

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RELIGIOUS
DIDACTIC
ON THE

Manners of the Age.

By MRS. M. DE VILLIERS.

LONDON:
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DEDICATION.

I Presumed in my *Advice*, to say that I did not know the Woman who deserved any Respect or Homage from me. I was mistaken, and now inscribe this Work to the Chief of Women, both in Rank and Virtue.

ERRATA.

Page. Line.

59 2 read a *smart Allusion*.

120 22 r. *rapid*.

CHARACTERS.

BY

Madam DEPUISIEUX.

WHAT do you require of me, Sir? Precepts for the young Gentleman your Son? The World is already overstock'd with Instructions for Youth: They are at present so properly educated; generous Sentiments are so early inculcated into them, and they are so thoroughly instructed in the Duties of Society and those of their Station, that it would be quite superfluous Labour to compose additional Lessons for them: And though your young Spark should be deficient in any thing, what! would you enjoin him to read my Composures? Really, that is not to be expected, where there is a previous Conceit of knowing already more than is necessary;

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for

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for certainly he has brought away from the College a Persuasion that all the Proficiency he can make, is to cut a Caper or touch a Fiddle.

But if you still insist that I put Pen to Paper, 'tis to you only I shall address myself, setting down my Thoughts just as they come into my Mind ; and you are at your own Liberty to make what Use you please of them. Besides that your young Gentleman is above attending patiently to a Woman, my melancholy Dictates would frighten his Sprightliness ; therefore I'll frankly impart to yourself my Notions on many things, some of which would have been misplaced in my *Advice to a Female Friend*, whilst others would have better become that, than my present Address ; so this Work, little as it is, will have all the Faults of the former, and perhaps others. I patiently hear any Animadversions, as none
ever

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ever have been so assuming, as to demand my Compliance with them. I am told, *Here is an Oversight*; I allow it, but let every thing remain as it was, for fear of making Bad Worse; You'll not fail to think that this Obstinacy very ill becomes a Woman who is ever preaching up Docility. You are in the Right; and I also have Truth on my Side, when I assert that every one cannot be in reality what they seem, and that Persons of much more Gravity than I set up for, give themselves little Trouble about the Matter. Well, this, then, will abound with fresh Inaccuracies, Contradictions and Repetitions; pray, by all Means point them out to me: It may be serviceable to others. Mr. D. by an unaccountable Caprice threatens to withdraw his Admonitions though I listen to them with all the Attention they deserve, and except striking out, never fail to applaud his Opinion.

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By no Means expect a Delicacy of Arrangement here; it is more than I have hitherto done, and more than I am really Mistress of. My Errors are innumerable, and my Compo-sures without Beginning, Middle or End; this has ever been, and ever will be my Way; and those who read me, must bear with such Irregularities: In return, you are welcome to censure and criticise 'till you are tired; I shall have many other Critics upon me, of no better Taste than yourself, and many more of not so good. To hear Madam De--- who has never look'd into a Book, cry out, *Still more Maxims, a poor Business! every Body deals in them,* does it not put one upon saying any thing?

Your young Spark, I apprehend, is now in his thirteenth Year, and, pray for what is he designed? If for the Army; recall him immediately from the College, that's

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no Place for him, and any further Time spent there, would only be a Delay to his Preferment. The Lectures of a Tutor are now of no Import to him; it is your own Counsels and Presence which must form him. Were your Son a Nobleman of the first Rank, I would recommend the procuring him a Governor of known Abilities and refined Morals. The *Germans* are wise in all their Conduct, but I am particularly pleased with their Custom of committing the Education of their Children to Persons of Birth, between whom and the Pupil there may be an agreeable Friendship, being upon a Level with each other, except in a Disparity of Fortune: Whereas, among us, the Youth looks upon a Tutor to be no more than a Domestic hired to plague him; this produces an Aversion; he shuns him and makes some Footman his Confident, if the Governor has not prevented this Competition,

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petition, and endeared himself to his Pupil by unbecoming Gratifications of his Humours ; and this is often the Case, though pernicious to the highest Degree. I could inform you of Instances without Number of improper Educations ; but Satire is foreign to my present Purpose, and bad Examples are much more frequent, than the Means of Amendment.

Your Son's Inclinations, Taste and Passions are first to be studied ; his Inclinations, to direct them ; his Passions to moderate them ; and his Taste, to refine it ; his Endowments, to improve them ; and his Faults, to make him sensible of them : But this supposes a thorough Knowledge of his Mind and Heart ; which surely cannot be obtained by keeping him ever from Home, or treating him with an Austerity which makes him afraid of shewing what he really is, and lays him under a
continual

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continual Constraint and Disguise ; so that you must either want this Knowledge, or have your Children under your Eyes, at the same time endeavouring by all rational Means to implant in them an Affection for, and Confidence in you. There are so many excellent Ways of giving a right Turn to the Minds of Youth, that it will ever be Matter of Amazement to me, that the terrifying one only should be in Vogue, which alienates them from their Masters, and indisposes them for any Good: I mean Punishments, which are most incompatible with a liberal Education. Wretched are those Fathers whose Children are more influenced by Punishments and Rewards, than by their Smiles or Frowns.

Let it then pass for a Maxim,
That it is meer lost Time in Youth
designed for a Scene of Life and a
Station where one rises more by
Seniority than Merit, to remain in

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the College after they have seen twelve Years. They perfect themselves in a Language which is of no Use to them, and imbibe Principles of Religion, of which not the least Vestige is discernable in them at eighteen ; and at their twenty fifth Year, every scholastic Attainment is totally obliterated. Were Languages an essential Qualification in an Officer, the dead Languages are not so. It is of such Importance to go early into the Service, and it leaves so much Leisure ; that though it matters not how ignorant a young Officer is, yet an old Officer should have an uncommon Extent of Knowledge.

Be sure to have your Son with you, whenever his Duty does not detain him elsewhere. If he has a Genius and Relish for Sciences, especially for those which relate to his Station, let them not want Culture. An Aptitude for any thing is a great Advantage to a young Nobleman;
it

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it will procure him Access to the great Ones, among whom there is a general Ignorance, and who, to conceal it, are fond of entertaining Men of Parts and Learning. Besides, the Time a young Man employs in Study preserves his Health, as his Passions by that Means are kept dormant. To make literary Acquisitions is providing for Futurity, and laying up a Stock of Solace for that Age which nauseates every thing whereby the Heart is not meliorated, or the Mind embellished.

Diffuade him against that idle Vanity of belonging to Societies, to which his Name is an unexceptionable Admittance, but where, besides, some Progress in the Sciences is required to appear with Honour. If eminent Talents shine there to the greatest Advantage, any Defect is also more critically observed. A Seat in the Academy does not dignify a Man of Learning, so

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so much as it exposes an illiterate Person. The illustrious Descent of Mr. De --- is known by all the World; but then it is no Secret, that every Day his Wife rings him a Peal about the Shallowness of his Wit; which might have been concealed, had he not affected to make himself as much known to the Learned, as to his Wife. To be at the Head of an Academy, only on account of Nobility, appears to me a very mortifying Exaltation.

As to the Principles of Religion instilled into him, let them alone. If he should happen to retain them, so much the better for his Salvation, yet so much the worse for his Talents and Advancement; the Steps to making a Fortune being generally such as Religion discountenances, and yet those Steps must be taken or he be distanced.

Before he engages in the Service,
by

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by all Means scrutinise into his Dispositions for any particular Calling, lest his Talents and your Purposes should not quadrate; yet this is a nice Business, and often the Result is very disagreeable, a Child being found void of any decisive Taste, or hopeful Qualities. If he has a natural Dulness, still that admits of a Resource; the Dull being either very devout or very brave; and these two Qualities plainly enough denote the Stations adapted to those in whom they are inherent.

If Avarice be his Foible, represent the Wretches of that Stamp as contemptible, odious, Pests of Society, Enemies to Pleasure, and sordid in all their Proceedings; and perhaps this Description may give him an Aversion to such a Character; but the Misfortune is, many are covetous who do not know themselves to be so.

Avarice seldom is cured, and
B 6 Courage

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Courage is not to be taught. The Father of Mr. De--- being a Man of Courage, took unwearied Pains to inculcate it into his Son; yet, he is well known to have shewn a Patience beyond that of a Philosopher, on several Occasions, and no small Fear in a particular Affair, where a Contempt of the Danger would not have incurr'd the Censure of Rashness. If your Son be not naturally brave, however he may chance to shew himself so in some particular Occasion, he never will be really so; therefore, it should be my Advice, to find out a Calling for him, which has no Affinity with Courage; it is good to be out of the Way of unhandsome Discoveries, and the long Robe and Band offer you a safe Shelter. How many adorned with a Hood or a Coif, don't suspect that their Hearts would have failed them at *Lawfelt*; but also how many ignorant Officers are so conceited with their Perspicacity and Probability

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bity as to affirm, that in many a nice Case they should have given a just Decree.

Cure him of that most ridiculous Failing, Self-Sufficiency. He's a Gentleman, and so his Preferment is secure. Should he begin to value himself upon his Riches, run over a long List of Blockheads who are richer than himself. Make him sensible betimes, that his Birth is a fortuitous Advantage, and an Obligation to resemble you; and that your End in leaving him Riches is, that by a rational Enjoyment of them, he may communicate Relief and Happiness to others. Let him always bear in Mind, not to value himself upon his Riches, or be proud of his Titles, convinced that Virtue and Honour are the true Criteria of a Gentleman.

Young Noblemen are apt to slight Persons of mean Parentage; yet this Vice is evidently not of their own Growth; for Children, naturally more equitable than their Parents, only
mind

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mind the personal Qualities of their Companions ; but speedy Care is taken to alter this amiable Disposition, by continually telling them, This Person is no Gentleman, you make yourself too cheap ; which soon leads them to fancy those of a much superior Merit not fit to be seen with them ; and to give into bad Company, I mean those of the same Rank and Vanity. Accustom your Son to despise no body, no not his very Servants, if you would not have him trample upon them.

To reflect on the Extraction of a Person, is a sure Sign there is no Ill to be said of him, and *vice versa*, to blazon the Descent of any one, indicates as little Good to be said of him. Slander redounds to the Honour of a Person attacked only on this Quarter ; and a Flattery which harps only on this String, brings Disgrace on him whose Praises it meant to sound ; with this Difference, that Birth is the last thing mentioned

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tioned when there are other Subjects of Detraction ; and the first praised, where there is or is not any other Matter of Panegyric ; so that it is a Rule with me, when I hear any one called an Upstart without any further Commentary, or that another is the Son to the famous Marshal *De*— to add within my self, That the one is above Envy, and the other not equal to his Father.

Haughtiness renders Persons of Distinction unapproachable, and this Habit of never looking above themselves proves a Fund of lasting Wearisomeness ; it is what all the Great feel, if not all alike. As they keep others at a Distance, they often see nothing but their Pleasures : Whereas to come in for a Share, they must stoop to those who cannot reach to them ; but this is an Effort beyond their Power. How can they break through the many Prejudices which lye in the Way ; the Disparity
of

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of Birth, Rank, Dignities and Fortune? Persons of a lower Class have the Happiness of conversing with their Equals without any Debasement of themselves. Yet I should prefer in my Sons a Pride which withdrew them from the Croud, to a Facility, which should make every Man their Fellow. I shall never check them for this Fault, if it be a Fault. Loftiness is a Mark of Courage, and lofty let them be, especially if they are wanting in those eminent Qualities which of themselves distinguish a Man from the common Herd, without any additional Decorums or Precautions.

Pride is thought to include a Contempt of others, as it really does when in the least overstrained; whereas when under the Restraint of Reason, it never despises any thing but what is contemptible. It also keeps young Men from making any disgraceful Choice; so that Pride, you see is not without its Uses, and besides these, has many more

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more which it may be pertinent to particularise.

To perform a fine Action is not enough, it must be known; young Men especially, by placing what good they do in a conspicuous Light, lay in a Stock of Reputation and fair Hopes; their present Conduct being a Prefage of the Glory or Turpitude of their riper Years.

Timidity argues Self-diffidence; let every one boldly forward himself, whilst he may. If some construe Confidence as the Mark of Self-sufficiency; with many more it passes for Merit; it makes the most of what Abilities we really have, and begets a Supposition of our having those which we have not.

We should not expose our selves to be frequently seen of any who have not a thorough Value for us; others may be said to observe us only

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ly to pry into our Faults, and then make them a Town-talk. It is no small Misfortune to stand in the Eye of the World, when it is too keen-sighted for us. Some Women keep their Curtains always closely drawn ; a Discretion I would recommend to some eminent Placemen ; but possibly this may be out of their Power ; they must make a Shew of themselves, and be seen as they are. This is a sad Inconvenience.

Nothing more strongly expresses the Temper, than the Manner of obliging. A Readiness to good Offices is the Result of Generosity, but Concealment of them inhances their Value. The Merit of a Kindness is lost by divulging it ; and in some Cases, the Evil of Indiscretion outweighs all the Benefit of the Favour.

A Man who has not pleased the first Day, seldom pleases the next. By accustoming one's self not to be affected with an Object, Indifference

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ference becomes habitual; one may imagine one's self touched by Gratitude, and its Motions may be taken for those of Love; but a certain Point of Time will shew the Illusion; that is, when we happen to meet with the Person designed for our Love, who pleases at first Sight. Love has no Connection with any other Sentiment; when any are united with it; they arise from other Causes. Love is single and abstracted.

An eminent Merit is a Security against Rivalship; Envy is limited to certain Portions of it, all beyond awes Detraction into Silence, and Opposition into Respect. When a Woman is perfectly beautiful, none of the Sex presume to call her Charms in Question; but any Defect in Nature or Fortune is a delightful Theme for Envy.

Love is not to be forced, why
then

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then should Indifference be taken ill? Is any one the less amiable, because there is one Man who does not perceive it? The only Revenge against Indifference is to overlook it. Shut your Heart against those who take Offence at your Indifference, and who strive to subdue it. Punish this pitiful Self-will with the Extremity of Coldness and Disdain. A Gentleman scorns a Conquest, which makes the first Advances; the greater the Difficulty the more the Satisfaction; and I think that the most difficult to preserve, which cost the least. Nothing is easier than falling in Love; Women every Moment vary from Liking to Indifference; Passions are lasting, but the same Day sees the Beginning and End of a Humour. I shall not advise on this Head. I am a Stranger to Humours; and Passions breed Disquietude. But in one thing I shall never err; that is, the Nature of my own and others Sentiments.

To

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To deny one's Choice, is to be ashamed of it. A Woman who is rather pleased than vexed at being suspected of several Gallants, stiffly denies the Thoughts of a single one; yet a frank Acknowledgment of being pleased with one personable Man, is not so scandalous, as to be thought easy of Access to several ordinary ones. Men generally are not so reserved. The World is welcome to think they are beloved by any Woman who is worth their while, and even stick not at boasting, where it is necessary to promote such a Persuasion; yet what fouler Ingratitude can there be, than to blast the Character of a Woman, who has sacrificed it to his Desires? Urge your Fondness, but never intimate in the least a Change of Mind; Constancy seems to me the only excusable Indiscretion. Indiscretion should be no more pardonable, than Infidelity, with a Woman of Worth; one is not more repugnant to Delicacy, than

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than the other to Self-Love. There is one Woman who, after having several Gallants, dispenses the last from the Restraint of Secrecy. Discretion only binds the very first, yet they all blab; now where lies the Fault? Some sort of Women deserve to have their Favours minuted.

Nothing is so elevating as Preference, how does Self-Love exult at the Thoughts of being distinguished! and how mortifying is the Consciousness of being only the last Shift! this is the scurvy Case of most Men with the Women. They would blush, were the Motive of their Acceptance known to them. What Numbers of Men are deceived? What Numbers of Women cry up their Fidelity, who would be very hard put to it upon a Dissolution of the Tye.

The Indulgence of Men to Women,

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men, keeps up their mutual Satisfaction; extinguish it and what would become of both; a fine Woman is a Rarity at *Paris*, yet where is there more Coquetry and Intriguing? I could sooner forgive those Foibles, than the Virulency and Envy at the slightest Advantage, which prevails so among them. There is a Passage which happened to my self; at first it ruffled me; but Reflection has turned it into a Jest. Being at a Circle, of which the Women made a considerable Part, I was desired to play on the Spinnet, and readily complied. The Men who gathered about me, praised my Skill, as it happened to please them. The Women who had never once listened, said I played prettily, and desired some very difficult Pieces, which I performed very badly, and they highly extolled. Somebody happening to drop a Word about my Limning, and that occasioning a Questi-

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on who was my Master, I drew a Portrait out of my Pocket, as a Specimen of his Skill; this Portrait was of my self. The *Marchioness De—* said there was some Likeness. Lady *R.* affirmed there was none at all. Madam *De Or—* cried out in a Pet, Likeness! yes, to be sure; is not there Madam *De—*'s Forehead exactly? Now perhaps that is the most exceptionable Feature in all my Face. I own that had I seen my forty-fifth Year like Madam *De Or—* I should have found some Fault or other with it. The Remark was just and suitable to her Age, and mine is not less so, that Women are good for one Thing only, which is not to associate together; so that it were to be wished they never saw one another, but at the Theatre or Card Table. This is another Advice I had for them.

I never can be forgiven by a certain Lady for having told her,
she

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his Majesty and she were of an Age. Men have a very pleasing Advantage over us: To be praised by their own Sex when they are really deserving; whereas the Men alone will allow us those Accomplishments and Graces of which we are evidently possess'd; and accordingly, any female Spite sets very easy upon us, if we are but the Objects of the Men's Admiration. I know a very pretty Woman, who when she heard her Person disparaged, used to say, in Revenge, To morrow I'll make a perjured Gallant. She has met with such Success in this kind of Revenge, that the Women have at last been brought to own that she is handsome, but that she was not discreet; so that Detraction has only varied its Subject.

Truth is so charming, that it should not be in the least disfigured; nothing is more commendable

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than a fixt Adherence to its natural Genuineness. A Liar ought to be condemned to live alone. The Dutchess *De*—— gave three Points in special Charge to her Son's Tutor: Sir, said she, let my Son never tell a Lye: Never give any one foul Language: Nor never play any malicious Tricks.

The *Italians* are given to Exaggerations in every thing; this is a Fault, and to be avoided, but chiefly in Commendations. Extravagant Panegyric disfigures the Character. He who praises with Profusion betrays his own Want of Discernment, and does an ill turn to his Idol, by extolling him above his real Worth. Contract your Praises, that something may be left for others to say of the Person you esteem. He who exceeds in his Praises, is either deceived himself, or would deceive others. I call upon the Abbe *De*— to weigh this Maxim, and that no more

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more of his Adulations and Blandishments may be heard, which are as little believed by others, as by himself.

Amidst the Change of Objects, the Passion remains the same, nor leaves us till the last Gasp. An Actor in a desperate Sickness vows to his Confessor that he'll never tread the Stage again ; yet, before he is well recovered, he is personating a Fop or a Hero ; which shews the Temerity or Illusion of promising things opposite to our Temper or Interest. The View of Death extinguishes all worldly Desires, and the Return of Health revives our Appetites.

Penetration is the Standard of the Mind, and must be brought to a precise Trial, before the Merit of a Man can be determined. Some Men by their Taciturnity are often taken to be little better than Idiots ;

yet they are of a quick Discernment; their Conjectures are just and delicate; they see into Tempers; their Schemes are well laid; they foretell the Issue of Affairs, and easily clear up the most intricate. Penetration is not the Result of Experience; and for Want of attending to this, one of these is often attributed to him, who rather possesses the other. He who is void of Penetration at Fifteen, will be little mended at Sixty. What then is this Penetration? 'Tis the Eye of the Mind. There may be a Wit without it, but this and the best Wit always go Hand in Hand.

Don't let Prosperity forsake you at unawares; but endeavour to anticipate Misfortunes by preparing to meet them firmly. Persons under Patronage should be no less keen-sighted than Lovers, and perceive the first Beginnings of their Declension. Our Ebb of Favor is
easily

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easily noticed ; for Benevolence wears a continual Smile. A Woman looks upon her Lover with quite other Eyes, than she has for an indifferent Person ; and every Favorite, with whom his Prince has talked gravely, may say with the Marquis *De---* I am undone ! the Prince did not mention a Word of my Wife, nor so much as stroked my Greyhound.

The Example of another seldom produces any Amendment ; the ill Consequences of Errors must be personal, to make Impression. One fortunate Irregularity seems a Pledge of the Success of any future ones. If, which is very seldom, we compare our selves with those who have miscarried, and there is no essential Difference apparent, we are sure to find out many imaginary ones to spur us on in the same Carreer of Conduct ; or if we strike into another, we are still impelled

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by

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by the Prevalency of some opposite Passion or Humor.

A Schemer of an overgrown Fortune, or who has nothing to lose, should always be upon a new Scent. If Projects miscarry, where's the great Damage to a Man of an unexhaustible Purse? and he who had nothing before, is but where he was. If they hit, so much the better for both: But, let People of a slender Fortune beware of extravagating. It is a great Chance to light upon one good System in the Trial of many, and so our little Substance is lost in chimerical Pursuits. Schemes, however, are so far beneficial, that they are an Amusement under Crosses. I know one, who being so reduced by Gaming that he did not know which Way to turn himself, fell to Scheming, and without eating or sleeping for twenty four Hours, threw a Heap of Crudities together upon Paper, which he sent to the
Compt-

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Comptroller General, with a full Assurance that his Fortune was made. He indeed made a Dupe of himself; but Resources came in, long before he grew sensible of the Delusion. Gamesters have a tolerable Genius for Systems, and if they are not Calculators, their Adversary plays with Advantage. But no such Friends or Lovers for me, I mean, those who are such by Profession, and whose Motive is Interest; as for those who play merely to kill Time, neither much Good or Harm can be said of them.

Personal Graces are the whole in Women; but they scarce come into the Account in a Man of Sense, unless he be disposed to make a Tender of them to some Woman of Quality, who will use him no otherwise than she would any Coxcomb as handsome as himself. I know one, who had chose a young Fellow of other Parts, besides his personal,

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sonal. But a Woman is soon tired with witty Discourse, and she discarded him, one Day, roundly telling him, that she did not like Talkers.

Obscurity is insupportable to some People; they rush into the World, and enlarge their Acquaintance upon a Conceit that they shall shine the more in a wider Sphere. Arrogant Illusion! Light never is so effulgent as in the midst of Darkness. A Man of Erudition, whose Existence is only known by the excellent Productions of his literary Retirement, is like a bright Star in a dark Night, admired by every Eye within its Horizon; whereas, it would have been taken no notice of, amidst the Appearance of the numerous Constellations. Recess has also the Conveniency of disappearing without being perceived. Sometimes indeed we stretch our Eyes to things at a distance; but nothing
near

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near at hand ever can escape our Optics : Besides we are free of our Praises on a Man whose Privacy secures us from a formidable Competitor in the public Applause. Self-Love readily subscribes to his Merit; for a Man who sequesters himself from the Living, is of no more account among them, than if he was in his Grave.

The Love of Pleasure is an universal Passion; it is the Spring of all our Motions. I can't help approving those who are of a singular Taste this Way ; at least it denotes Fancy, and I have always found shallow Persons to be most set against Oddities : They follow the Crowd in every thing ; whereas Pleasures should be diversified ; a little Mixture of Singularity alters them. To change the Object totally, is no more than the way of the World ; therefore I am for keeping to the

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same,

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same. Piquant Variegations cure the desultory Humour of changing.

Voluptuousness is a Word in every one's Mouth, and though few are susceptible of it, all pretend to know it; every Motion of Delight goes under this Appellation; yet Delight and Voluptuousness are very different things; they are sometimes united, but their Sensations may be distinctly felt. Voluptuousness is an Emanation of the Soul, Delight proceeds from the Senses; thus every one feels Delight, because every one has Senses. But Voluptuousness being a delicate Sensation connected with the Mind and dependant on a Refinement of Taste, Three Fourths of the Bulk of Mankind are Strangers to Voluptuousness. I question whether the Motions felt in the Gratifications of Self-Love may be termed Voluptuousness; these being no other than Self-Enjoyment, are simply a Delight.

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light. The Motions arising in me when I view a beloved Object, being conveyed by the Sight, and my Eyes convincing me of the Propriety of my Love, and my Mind and Taste being affected with the Impression on the Senses, I may thus be said to feel a voluptuous Delight.

If the beloved Object be ugly, it is called a Pleasure, without Voluptuousness. It is no part of Enjoyment, as this disorders the reasoning Powers. Whatever deprives us of a Sense of our Felicity, is not entitled to this Appellation. The Sight, the Hearing, and Feeling, every Sense must be strongly impressed with Beauty to have an Idea of Voluptuousness; but the purest flows from a Delicacy of Imagination, without which, it degenerates into meer Delight. I even aver, that there is a Voluptuousness in Virtue; and that which re-

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fuls from noble Actions is so much the more excellent and ravishing, as it is not momentary, like that of Passion, and its Returns instead of Remorse spread a sweet Complacency through every Faculty. I never yet heard of a Treatise on Voluptuousness.

Ovid was rather libidinous than voluptuous; *La Fontaine* was still worse. There is but one, and him I don't care to name, lest I should incur the Suspicion of a Knowledge of the Latin. As for me, were I to undertake such a Treatise, the general Cry would be, that I wrote from Experience, and I am not yet old enough to expose myself to such Obloquy.

Moderate Persons have a great Advantage over the Sanguine and Precipitate. Composedness sees a Blow coming at a Distance, and wards it off; but then the Phlegmatic have no sudden Motion to plead;

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plead; I have observed that this Quality with the Assistance of Wit and Taste performs Wonders. To make a stop in Season, is going a great rate; such a Junction of Talents becomes irresistible. Wit finds out the Track, Prudence removes Obstacles, thus Grandeur is easily come at, if the Will be disposed; but there seems a close Affinity betwixt Phlegm and Philosophy.

To comprehend the intire Worth of glorious Actions, is almost to be capable of them. He who thinks right, seldom acts amiss. A Designer acquainted with Proportions, always executes correctly. There is a Decorum in Behaviour against which there is no holding out, the most Insensible are smitten with it, though not so passionately as Souls of a higher Order, whose Admiration immediately kindles into Imitation. Whereas the Astonishment of the former stupifies them. A Speech
of

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of *Achilles* or *Ajax*, in a Play, terrifies the Coward ; but the Man of Spirit joins in the Scene, he acts, storms, threatens, he is at *Aulis* and rattles *Agamemnon*. By artfully questioning the Spectators of a Tragedy on their Emotions at it, a probable Judgment might be formed of their Genius and Temper. Should a Man moved with the Distress of the Prodigal Son in the Play, pull out his Purse for his Relief, such a one may be concluded to be a good Man.

Probity, venerable Word ! which few understand in its fullest Amplitude, and perhaps it is not their Fault. Every thing has Delicacies, and Probity is not without them ; but a celestial Genius is required to understand them. Youth is not sufficiently gifted for them, and they sicken in old Age. Young Men are without any Sense of them, and old Age has lost all Sense of them.

them. Even some Men of Parts have made it their Business to ridicule these Delicacies of Honour. A keen Observation can alone discern a Man to be Social, nor, can he introduce himself into Esteem, without a signal Goodness of Heart. Young Men are Lyars, Backbiters, Perfidious, Spiteful, and often worse, for want of a right Knowledge of their Nature and Duty. As these Habits indispose them for Amendment, let the first Lessons given to Children, by all Means, be Lessons of Probity; let them be taught the natural Engagements of a Man; the sooner the better. I could wish some Person duly qualified would compose a Set of moral Rudiments for the Use of Children. Their poor Minds are bewildered in abstruse and superfluous Maxims, and they grow up, without being taught any precise Idea of Probity. No wonder then, they prove so deficient in Honesty; for they would
make

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make sorry Humanists and Geometricians, if there was not a better Method of teaching them Latin and Mathematics. Thus they are brought to deceive their Parents and applaud their own Subtlety; they not only publish the Shame of Women whom they have deluded, but likewise asperse those who were too prudent for them: They contract Debts without any Intention of clearing them, yet are not ashamed to shew their Faces. Now these Blades shall go on to their fortieth Year with an established Character for Probity. Why, what Notion then can the World have of Probity? I don't put this Question to the Women. Probity does not enter into their Character. The Phrase is *A Woman of Honour*, and its Meaning is pretty well determined; but who ever heard of *A Woman of Probity*! This would be so ridiculous an Expression, that to characterise Madam De---. I
would

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would say, she is a Woman of Honour and a Man of Probity. How then, is Probity of no Use to Women, or are not Women naturally designed for it? Certainly the first; for by what I can see, it is not much Matter to them, what they are. We have an odd kind of Veneration for Men, which restrains us from aiming at any thing in common with them, but their Faults alone: Perhaps we should be willing to equal their Learning, and wipe off the Imputation of Ignorance; but I foresee that Indiscretion, Caprice, Futility, Fickleness, Giddiness, low Attachments &c. will continue to be standing Articles against us. We have undoubtedly in us the Seeds of all the Virtues which are in them; but whether for want of Education, or by our own Frailty and Inattention, this Seed never so much as germinates.

Virtue

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Virtue is all and is nothing ; all to its Votaries, and nothing to those who are void of it.

Honor, Life and Freedom are the three most valuable Things, yet are hazarded with a Levity shocking to Reason, and disgraceful to Human Nature. He who values himself upon his Honor, gives into Meannesses which blemish it, and often ruin it. All are desirous of long Life, yet what Numbers are accelerating Death by their Excesses? Such a one, after crying up the Charms of Freedom, marries ; all gladly accept of Posts, solicit Honours, display their Wit in Season, and out of Season ; in fine, they seem to court Dependance and Servitude. Thus Life is spent in continual Endeavours to gratify the Senses and Passions, in Opposition to Honour and Liberty. Men have ever been inconsistent with themselves, and are like to continue so.

As

CHARACTERS. 43

As to the Women, I pass no Verdict on them, they being more unsearchable.

There cannot be too near an Equality, too exact an Harmony betwixt a Married Couple; 'tis a Step of such Weight, as calls for all our Foresight and Penetration; but especially the Temper and Education must be attended to. Education is the Standard of Birth: and as for the Temper, which constitutes the Happiness of that State, a Man must be delirious who overlooks it. I speak only of the few who marry to live together, others may be join'd without so much ado. In unequal Matches, I declare the Men to be more in Fault than the Women, who can seldom be Choosers.

Nothing is so base as to attack a Person clandestinely. Dare to hate openly. There should be a Generosity even in Revenge, and Punishment should be

44 CHARACTERS.

be tempered with Composedness. Resentment, of all things, requires most Deliberation, yet nothing is pushed with more Impetuosity. It does not come into the Mind, that a Man in his Revenge, acts as a Judge in his own Cause, and that his Demands may exceed the Trespas. All the Passions are in a League against good Sense; Love is the only one improveable into a Virtue, but what can be done with such as make a Jest of Moderation and Integrity, and prefer the Affectation of modish Vices to the Practice of antiquated Virtues?

Avoid all Concerns with the Giddy-headed; they are unfit for any thing. Reflection should always precede a Contract. Now, harebrained Folks never think: But one mad Prank does not make the Madman, nor one Folly a Fool; therefore be not hasty in your Decisions, but suspend them, till you see

CHARACTERS. 45

See, whether, possibly, a Man of fine Sense may not be transformed into a Fool, by a Repetition of Follies, or into a Madman by a Course of Extravagancies.

Be exceeding tender of injuring or grieving any one; besides the Amiability of this Temper, it guards your Repose; for at the mentioning of any Sufferings or Affliction which any one has occasioned, some unthought of Sentiments of Humanity rise within him, to reproach this cruel Ebullition, unless the Object be utterly undeserving of any Compassion. I was at first inclined to omit this Thought, as relating only to the Good, who never deliberately make any one miserable; but closer Consideration shewed me, that it was of general Concern; for, reasoned I with myself, the worst Man that can be imagined is not in Nature, but the worst Man that can be imagined,

46 CHARACTERS.

imagined, would be one, who could make others miserable without Remorse; therefore he who makes others miserable is sensible of Remorse.

Nothing like a Woman for revenge; and yet the most vindictive Woman must be puzzled how to deal with a Man of distinguished Merit; for Merit has never so many Patrons as when under Persecution; and whoever molests it, is sure to be hated.

To delay doing good and doing well 'till Death, argues an Ignorance of one's own and others Happiness. Some People are desirous of being regretted. Preposterous Folly! How much better would it be to enjoy the Gratitude paid to our Benevolence.

He who is for raising a Reputation, must be expert in concealing his Defects, one alone being sufficient to obscure a substantial Merit; and
 Envy

CHARACTERS. 47

Envy lays hold of any thing to depreciate. What is a Molehill to Friendship, Indifference magnifies to a Mountain. To look upon all who curiously watch us, as disposed to hurt us, is the only Security against being deceived with relation to them and our selves. A Philosopher used to say of his Detractors, these Folks say a great deal of Ill of me, but they'd say much more, if they knew me as intimately as I know myself.

Suspicious and busy Persons are no less troublesome to others than to themselves. I know of no better Regimen for them, than the most violent bodily Exercises; to ride Post, play at Ternnis, or hunt the wild Boar. Woe be to their Acquaintance, if their Corpulency will not admit of this Prescription.

Thought and Perception are too very different things: One resides in the
Mind,

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Mind, the other is essential to the Soul ; accordingly, in my Opinion, all may perceive, but some People don't think.

Heavy Crosses are the Trials of the Soul. Misfortunes alone bring Self-Knowledge. Pleasures teach us but one thing, which is, the Skill of choosing them, and ever end in Wearisomeness ; they generally break Company first, Mankind courting them whilst they continue the least in Sight ; Some follow them close, even to their dying Hour ; but for these indefatigable Sportmen ; I have a better Opinion of their Constitution than of their Wisdom.

It is charming to be prevented, but some People must be dunned into a Kindness ; no matter, better to foregoe one's Wish, than, to stand an *I cannot*, or some such sneaking Put-off. Previously weigh the Reasonableness of your Requests, and the Temper

CHARACTERS. 49

Temper and Circumstances of him to whom you would apply, for besides the Propriety of things; to ask a Favor of some Persons is to borrow of a Miser. It is obtained with so much Grudging, that a Man of Spirit would like a flat Denial almost as well; but we should never expose our selves to any Denial.

I know not whence it is, but I prefer respectful Ceremonies to good Offices. Is it not, because the latter create a Debt of Gratitude, whereas the former are compensated immediately by the Manner of receiving them? There is besides a certain Delicacy in Ceremonies which good Offices want, and what takes exceedingly with me. Any thing possess'd by the Tenure of Favor, would be a Burden to me. I imagine, that putting it beyond my Power to make a Return, would be the very way to make me ungrate-
D
ful;

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ful. Perhaps, this Saying has more Pride than Gratitude in it ; but I shan't scrutinise into this Reflection, as Faults which one is against correcting, are to be slightly pass'd over.

To trace the Paths of others, argues a Diffidence of one's self. Every System which looks well should be attempted ; a craggy Road may lead to Fame, if not to Fortune. To do no more than others have done, is only Imitation, and consequently Inferiority ; but he who surpasses his Model, did not want it ; any thing new has in it the Charm of Singularity ; but be cautious of deviating from the established Taste, which never was at such a Pitch of Delicacy as at present.

Persons in eminent Posts, to which they are not equal, are lessened by their Exaltation, like Balls
on

CHARACTERS. 51

on the top of a lofty Pyramid, scarce discernible.

Such as are acquainted with our Secrets, especially who have been let into them by others, are to be shunned. The Company of those whose Indiscretion we dread, is torturing Constraint; every Word of theirs strikes Terror: It is such a painful Situation, that I heard a Woman say of a Man who knew too much of her, that meeting of him was always sure to give her a Fit of the Ague. As our Repose and Health are disordered by an offensive Meeting, let us secure ourselves against it, by an uniform Behaviour which will stand the public Test.

To accompany our Requests with the least Shew of Presumption, is seeking a Repulse; yet it is hard to act the humble Suppliant, in claiming no more than the Recom-

52 CHARACTERS.

pence of one's Services. A good Officer solicits a Pension, as a Matter of Debt, it being actually so. As to canvassing Ecclesiastical Preferments, there being a particular Canal through which they are to be obtained, I chuse to say nothing of them. I return to our Officers, who go without any thing, because something is their due. An Equivalent is no Favor, and yet the only Sort to be had of our Ministers.

A plain and noble way of Expression is generally most prevalent, and best kept to. Writing requires indeed a curious Choice of Words and Phrases; of which there is no need in common Talk: Candid hearty Conversation is best among Friends, but with indifferent Persons season your Candour with a little more Politeness. There are some Conversation Words, which should be used only with those who under-

CHARACTERS. 55

understand them, but not at all in Writing, because that is directed, as it were, to every body. The most ingenious Turns become obsolete, and the time when they are out of Date, is of no less Importance to be known, than the Rise and Fall of Fashions. An Author who describes Customs which no longer exist, or uses obsolete Expressions, appears ignorant of the Age, and a Stranger in his own Country. The Language of Gentlemen should be invariable. The Women formerly were strictly confined to one, which was that of Modesty. What is become of it, I know not, unless it has secreted itself among the *Urse-lines*, or the *Nuns* of *St. Mary*: There it may stay, the World does not seem to want it; another Stile will do better for our Manners. By a plain Stile, I don't mean that of *Henry* the IVth's Time; for should any one go about exactly to imitate that of *Montaigne*, though indispu-

54 CHARACTERS.

tably excellent, in Writing or Conversation, by all means, let him put on also the Ruff, the Jerkin, the Gauntlet, and the Scarf, and even the little piqued Beard ; these would not much heighten the Ridicule. An artless Stile is that which is current, and 'tis this I recommend to your Use ; in a Word, speak to Day, as the Men of Sense spoke Yesterday. This is my Advice to my Friends, and which I shall endeavour to inforce by my own Practice.

Happy he who possesses the Virtues in a moderate Degree ! for they who run into any Extremes, are seen to be troublesome to others, and on the Rack within themselves. What can be the meaning, that Virtues are never envied, as it is evident they are not ; is no Account made of them ? are they reckoned meer nothings in the Composition of a Person ? Beauty, Wit, Parts, Learning
are

CHARACTERS. 55

are sufficiently envied, but not a Word of Virtue. Oh! that I had but such a one's Wit, cries a Man, but he is never heard to wish for his Generosity. A Woman shall say, what would I give for such Teeth and Eyes as those of Lady——, but she may keep her Modesty to her self. I see into it; our Wants are the only Objects of our Envy; and all Men have Generosity, and all Women, Modesty. Sometimes the one are only deficient in Wit, and the other would be compleat if their Teeth and Eyes were finer.

Were I a Man, I would rather be esteemed polite, than amorous. Politeness shews Education, Amorousness a Taste for Women in general; which is often unlucky, the Riff-raff of the Sex being the usual Portion of the Amorous by Profession. In Youth they are gulled by Women of a cracked Reputation,

56 CHARACTERS.

and in their maturer Years, they are the Scoff and Scorn of them and all others; not one affording a Word of Comfort.

To heighten the Value of a Pardon, is a Talent not to be slighted. The Offence must be exaggerated, with an Air of extreme Anger, and the deaf Ear be turned a long time to all Intreaties. This is not intended for pretty Women, and much less for the ugly; not one of them but have shewn themselves fired with Resentment, yet without feeling any; and afterwards have pardoned, as if it had been real.

Patience is a flegmatic Virtue, yet is highly useful; and I admire it vastly in others; but it is what I cannot bring myself to; it is beyond a Man's Power to form himself to any Virtues, when the opposite Vices are by Nature deeply implanted in him; as some amends, I preach it
up

CHARACTERS. 57

up continually to my Acquaintance.

Of all the Roads to Fortune, the shortest and least frequented is the best. Many take the high Way, and add to the Throng which crowds some Avenues ; these may strain on, but will never reach the Goal.

Avoid being thought detractive or Silent. Detraction produces Shyness and Fear ; and Taciturnity is construed Want of Wit, or which is still worse, a fullen Imbecility. This might be remedied by decrying Persons, with a Delicacy too fine for any Offence, and not to give over Talking, till the Subject is exhausted ; then it would be ; Mr. *De* — is a most enchanting Detractor ; all he says is so new and so perfectly his own, that the very Persons who are wounded by it, cannot take Offence at his Poignancy.

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Some People never act without Reflection, yet blunder on ; it would be better for them to spare their Heads, and leave Events to their natural Course. Time and Opportunity bring every thing to Completion.

Every body affects to be thought cunning, as if it were the best Sign of Sense ; but that's a great Mistake, for to my certain Knowledge some Persons of Penetration have been the Dupes of their Inferiors; and I have seen surprising Instances of Subtilty, where more valuable Talents have been wanting. Cunning is no where allowable but in Conversation, and, yet there we must adapt our Speech to the Hearers.

We are for shining at any rate, even though it be a direct Breach of Friendship; the Friend is sacrificed to a Witticism. The Inconsiderate stand in need of a most long suffering
Indul-

CHARACTERS. 59

Indulgence, for they make passes at every one. If smart Allusion comes in their Way, they push it home, whatever be the Consequence to to themselves or others.

There are two Classes of Men, the least Resemblance with whom is a Blemish? These are the Wicked and the Foolish: To differ from the Wicked, is in some Measure in our Power; from the Foolish, not at all; though the World's Estimate would make one think the reverse were true, for who is not more ashamed of a Stupidity than a Crime? This seems indeed so far right, because a Fool is irrecoverably such, whereas the most flagitious Wretch may become a Man of consummate Virtue.

Disguise is no longer of any Use, the World is grown too cunning; all Fetches and Artifices have been exhausted; much Improvement might be made in honourable Pro-

60 CHARACTERS.

ceedings, but it is the least thought of; and Opportunities don't last for ever. Some imitate the Good they see, but rest in an Emulation, without any surpassing Refinement. This is another Difference betwixt Good and Evil, and proves us to be no better than our Fathers, and they also to have been no better than our Grandfathers. 'Tis a mere Conceit, that this Age is possess'd of Qualities unknown to any former. Wit and Dulness have subsisted from the beginning; only the Taste is more polished, and the Morals more depraved.

Reputation depends on the Arbitration of others; wherefore, they who are not of a confessed Merit, should affect Concealment. To aim at pleasing every body is an Extravagancy; it is labouring at Impossibilities.

To be obliged to associate with a dull Person, is a most vexatious Perplexity; where can one
begin

CHARACTERS. 61

begin with such a one? he is in the darkeſt Ignorance and incapable of Inſtruction; however it is ſome Comfort, that if the Man of Parts is uneaſy with the Block-head, the latter is no leſs ſo, with the other: Accordingly, I infer from what I ſee in the World, that were it not for the Neceſſity of keeping in with ſome Men in high Stations, and the Decency of bearing with Relatives, each Claſs would herd with their like, and Birds of a Feather flock together.

The fineſt Thoughts loſe their Luſtre; whereas good and great Actions are ever new and radiant.

The beſt Things wont bear a frequent Repetition. The ſame Opera may pleaſe me twice, but the third time makes it tedious. Any thing, whoſe End is the Entertainment of the Senſes, ſhould be extremely diverſified; but the Soul, when once delighted with an Object, can dwell
on

62 CHARACTERS.

on it a long time, without being palled by Enjoyment.

A double Stock of Sense is requir'd, to live with those who have none at all; the Follies of others are a dead Weight upon us, whereas our own are attended with Pleasure, or have Interest in View.

An Enterprize of extreme Difficulty should be left to Chance; overstrain'd Endeavours for its Success only overthrow it; on such Occasions our good Fortune must be rely'd on without the intermeddling of our Prudence. Some may have every thing and will have nothing, whilst others grasp at all, and still their Arms are empty. I am apt to imagine these odd Phænomena arise from a Difference in Mind and Body betwixt ourselves and those with whom we have to deal.

It is Folly in the Abstract to expect that all Things should go according

CHARACTERS. 63

according to one's particular Fancy :
What is it to me, if such a Man
plagues others with his Pretences to
Wit? and how is my Happiness
concern'd in such a Woman's being
the Jest of all the Men who visit
her? Divert yourself with the Fan-
tastical, censure them without Ce-
remony, but especially shun them :
To laugh at our own Foibles in
others, sets us in a more ridiculous
Light.

To relieve indigent Merit, is the
best Use of a large Fortune ; but
have nothing to say to Verses or
Dedications : Sincere Panegyric has
the least Share in them ; they are
only an Expedient for want of some
other Income. Would you live
quietly and die confidently, square
all your Behaviour by Equity and
a good Intention. Inquietude arises
only from Displeasure with one's
self, which is the Produce of Guilt.
As for Scruples, Men of Sense are
free

64 CHARACTERS.

free from them; they being only the Reminiscence of some doubtful Action, without the Verge of our Intellects to determine. The Scruples of those who live in the World are an Affectation of Probity; and those of the Religious, I call, the Fumes of Devotion.

The Purse should be open only to indifferent Persons, and Truth be spoken only to Intimates.

A Flatterer obtains any thing from us, and leads us where he will, without our attending to the Motives by which we are actuated. Every Flatterer is an insidious Scoundrel, but all Dupes are not Fools.

All depends upon seizing the Crisis. He who knows the Instant of Humor, will never be repulsed for Defect of Merit. My Meaning here, is not limited to Women alone; it fits the great Men and
Pa-

CHARACTERS. 65

Patrons : Not one of them but have granted Favors, at which they have bit their Lips the very next Moment.

Though to give Credit to every Thing, shews Weakness; and to believe nothing, Self-Conceit; some Things are so self-evident, that a Doubt of them would be ridiculous: I don't mean Articles of Faith, they are out of the Question; I speak of the Reports of the Day, which are scarce fit to divert Children. Persons of Sense should pause upon whatever shocks Probability. A close Examination and Comparison of the Circumstances would generally discover the Falsity of slanderous Tales; but the World won't be at so much Pains, or rather eagerly fastens upon whatever delights its Malignity; and those of a low Character, are glad, at any rate, to bring all they can under the same Predicament. We do not
want

66 CHARACTERS.

want Acuteness in animadverting on the marvellous and fictitious Stories of remote Times or Countries, but in a Story which affects any Character within our Sphere, all is plain and natural, or at least we are apt to think so. If any Feature betrays the Counterfeit, it is carefully concealed, or one more resembling substituted in its Place; and thus a Story, which at first was a Heap of Incongruities, is formed and modelled into some Appearance of a Truth; so that none but the self-conceited offer to dispute it; and in them, it is not so much a Goodness of Heart, as a Pleasure in hearing the same Calumny often related to them.

To prefer the Satisfaction of another to our own, is a Sign of exceeding good Nature, to give it the softest Term. Our first Duty belongs to ourselves, our Friends come next in Turn.

Villains

CHARACTERS. 67

Villains are exclaimed against without Mercy, yet there is a Villany goes up and down the World and not taken notice of, on account of its Generality; this is, running into Debts without considering how they are to be cleared. Ostentation brings on exorbitant Expences, which are soon followed by Anticipations and Mortgages; every Year we sink deeper, till our Debts exceed our Funds, as well as our Probity. No Man, but he who has no Children, or thinks those which go under his Name not to be really his, should die insolvent. To leave nothing behind one, is to have lived to the utmost Stretch; but, if possible, we should die clear of any Creditors; theirs are the only Debts.

To have Sense without knowing the due Use of it, is a poor Business; yet this requires a very particular Turn of Mind. Sense to one
who

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who is not skilled in the Use of it, is like our Gold or Silver Coin in the Hands of a *Hottentot*. But he who knows his own Abilities and Genius, and has poised himself, undertakes confidently and executes successfully. Our Steps are quicker and surer in the Light than in the Dark. Many great Men would not have been *above the People*, had they not luckily found out what they were made for. Let no one fancy himself universal, 'tis more than ever any Man was. If a Nearness to Perfection may be attained in some Things, in a hundred others, it is unapproachable. I was for knowing every thing, and so have but an imperfect knowledge of any thing; but great Acquisitions concern a Man more than a Woman, in whom superficial Smattering is tolerable; for if we understand the technical Terms, it is as much as belongs to us; but if we will needs meddle with the Sciences, let

CHARACTERS. 69

let us prefer those which will be an Entertainment and Advantage to ourselves and Friends; and limit our Attention to them, if we aim at Excellence.

Our Vices and Virtues are brought to Light by Opportunity. Not a few lie under the Censure of Incapacity, whole Talents would have raised Admiration had they met with a proper Field for the Exertion of them; again, many more, I fear, are accounted brave and honest, whom an Hour of Trial would discover to be otherwise. Time and Opportunity often prove the Falsity of our Conjectures, and blast our gayest Hopes.

If some are Proof against any Event, and arrogate to themselves the Characters of Philosophers for such an Obduracy, they are mistaken. They will be rather thought stupid, as indeed they are. Philo-
sophy

70 CHARACTERS.

sophy implies Judgment, Sensation, and even Wit; now a Creature with these Qualities must have a very tender Sense of Pleasure and Pain; however a calm Deportment under great Crosses, must not be termed Insensibility, it is the readiest Way for their Removal.

Our Projects should never tower beyond our Abilities; before we engage in any Enterprize let us cautiously survey the Consequences and Ends, with the Difficulties of pushing the Execution thereof, and weigh our own Aptitude and Sufficiency. Men of low Parts aiming at high Matters, represent Pigmies affecting a Giant's Stride.

Where you are extremely beloved, you must not look for much Respect; Love and Veneration rarely associate: Tenderness delights in Freedom and Confidence, and can't dwell with Awe and Constraint.

CHARACTERS. 71

straint. Women, in their Choice, evidently prefer Tenderneſs; their Softneſs and Affability answer their Ends beſt, and are ſo engaging, that if they are not much reſpected, they are loved to Exceſs, though this often proves as troubleſome to themſelves as to their Votaries.

A Dependence on thoſe we deſpiſe, is, of all others, the moſt inſupportable; their Authority is continually putting us in mind of their Defects, and adds to the Odium of them; but inſtead of improving this into a Document of the Inſignificancy of Power, Riches, Dignities, and other Advantages annexed to Birth, it only rankles our Vanity. If there be ſuch a Reluctance to live under thoſe we eſteem, what Sufferings, what Indignities muſt they undergo, who are ſubjected to Vice and Folly? Does not the Heart of a Man of Senſe riſe, at his being at the Beck
of

72 CHARACTERS.

of a Wrong-head ? in such a Case, even filial Duty is stagger'd.

The Heart is not at once susceptible of two predominant Passions. The Man of Ambition scorns Love; the thorough Lover is wholly taken up with Love; the Gamester, is all for winning and losing. He in whom many of the leading Passions should strongly concenter, would be a most dangerous Monster: I congratulate Society, that such a Monster is an Impossibility in Nature. Whoever is passionately fond of Play, cares not a Rush for his Mistress.

Some Events strike us with a kind of Stupefaction, and bear down our most confirmed Sentiments: No Philosophy will sustain us in this Conflict; the Soul is forcibly carried away from the most endearing Attachments; the Lover is lost in this Inundation of Anguish.

Re-

CHARACTERS. 73

Reflection restores us to our Senses, though its Operation is not alike present in all. But, as to the Disorder itself, the most Speculative are as subject to it, as those who never think at all. One would imagine Fortitude inseparable from good Sense; yet some Persons, eminent for the latter, have proved amazingly wanting in the former; and others of very limited Faculties have shewn an heroic Constancy. O human Virtue what art thou!

To commend absent Persons for Qualities remarkable in any of the Company, is a delicate manner of praising, yet does not always take with Men, but is sure to spread a Ferment among the Women, if a Woman be the Subject. I have known some amiable Women abominated by the whole Sex, for a single Indiscretion of this Nature. A Lover, who would stand his Ground, must have neither Ears nor Eyes for any

E but

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but his Mistress. His Favor is upon the Decline, when she can placidly hear him launch out in Commendation of another. The Beginning of Indifference is not to be angry at it, and the End, not to be sensible of it.

One must always be of some Use or other to those we love, and attach them by Diversions, Services, or habitual Conversation, for any asceticious Entertainments or Avocations, breed Inconstancy. The Tye of Dependance is very strong, and never well known, till near being broke. Some People live together as if there was a real Love betwixt them, whereas, all is, they can't well be without each other.

To recollect one's Faults, is almost as bad as committing fresh ones, since such a Recollection is always attended with Disquietude. When a Folly is once done, let it be

CHARACTERS. 75

be buried in eternal Oblivion; but some People are continually rummaging their Minds about what they have done and what they should have done, and have the exactest Memory, where the utter want of it would be more conducive to their Tranquillity. Wit, Education, and a Knowledge of the World, distinguish without Singularity; they conciliate Esteem, and raise the happy Possessor of them far above the Crowd. Some of the first Quality undervalue themselves by their shabby doings, others of a low Station ennoble themselves by their exalted Sentiments; they are a compleat Contrast to each other; though the former are of as little Account in the Judgment of Mankind, as the latter are in the World. The great ones would lower their Crest, could they discern latent Opinions: The Mind of the Virtuous is a Tribunal where the Wicked are judged, where Corruption never

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takes Place, and which is above being awed by Power; the Knee bends to the Idol, but the Mind knows it to be no more than Clay.

Some Persons make Excuses, before any one is displeased with them. Many do not actually, or chuse not, to take Notice of an Offence, till an aukward Excuse lays them under a Necessity of taking Notice of it, and shewing a Resentment against their own Inclinations. Such may be said to be more displeased with the Excuse than with the Offence.

Sloth is the silliest of all Defects, it tends to nothing but Ignorance; the others are sometimes at least productive of Pleasures; but the Slothful sink into a kind of Lethargy by Inactivity; the Turbulent are the best of the two, for these are alive. A Company of these torpid Creatures seems to me to differ

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fer little from those Places in which the *Egyptians* shut up their deceased Relations. If Women are no great Doers, at least it is agreed they talk enough, and that's still some Sign of Life.

Nothing is so irksome as Lassitude ; some People are not to be entertained, they saunter about from House to House, from the Walks to the Theatres, without being awakened from their Languor, at the most noisy Diversions ; they always seem to be in a brown Study, yet never think. The Passions, with all their Force, cannot rouse them from this Lethargy : If an Emotion happens to rise, it soon subsides, and they are as unimpressible as before. I heard a Man of Wit, very much subject to the Gout, say that his Fits of the Gout were more eligible than such a Numbness ; I, said he, am sensible of my Existence ; I storm at the

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Cause of my Torture ; still this is some Pastime ; but those Wretches, in the Midst of Indolence and Insensibility, are as full of Vice as their Neighbours.

Competition creates Uneasiness ; no body likes to see ten others pressing forward towards the same Mark with himself ; he who makes himself sure of the Prize, generally loses it. Besides Competitors are dangerous ; for if they can't supplant, they'll depreciate. The best way to lessen the Disadvantages of Competition, is to conceal our Pursuits ; this may promote Success, at least, it saves the public Sneer at a Refusal.

One may grow reconciled to Ugliness, but never to Ill-nature, it preys upon every thing ; and embitters Conversations, Entertainments, and Diversions ; the fiercest Animals may be tamed in time, but
it

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it rather sharpens Peevishness, especially in Women. Life must of course be full of Vexations, with those who snarl at Chearfulness.

The Happiness of others is envied ; yet depriving them of it, is no Addition to our own. Past Enjoyments are bewailed, something to come is longed for ; which, when it comes, proves no better than the preceding Situation : We complain of others, and applaud our selves. What is not of our own doing, seems awkward, improper and odious ; others Faults are exaggerated, our own, though of a deeper Dye, are palliated and justified ; we commit false Steps without any Anger at our own Folly ; we handle ourselves tenderly. Self-Admiration is always strong in us, and Life flows on in a Contempt of real Excellencies and a Fondness for paltry Trifles ; but these Trifles are a part

80 CHARACTERS.

of ourselves, and the Excellencies arduous to be acquired.

A Feint, which seldom fails to let us into the Certainty of any Matter of whatsoever Moment it be, is, to seem to know it, and not give the least Credit to it; this Unbelief heats others; they grow communicative; and thus a dissembled Incredulity procures us a full Knowledge of the Truth.

We are all made for reciprocal Kindness. It is not the Form and Figure of a Man which are required, but his Abilities and Faculties. If he were absolutely good for nothing, he might live and dye without being so much as spoke to. He thinks, speaks and acts, and therefore it is expected he should bear a Part in Society; be useful, and avoid the Reproach made to a certain Emperor, *Since you don't think your Duty worth minding, what Business have you with a Scepter.*

To

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To persist in a Folly shews a hardened Obstinacy. Some People are inwardly conscious of their Faults, yet will vindicate them. A hasty Oath, or an indiscreet Resolution are not binding; the sooner an Error is retracted the better; but to persist in it, and even expect the World should approve it, is an unpardonable Impertinence.

Some are so lost to good Sense, that they make a Virtue of continuing in the same Fault; they forget that some things are unalterable, and that the Nature of Actions is quite so. What is really Good or Evil to Day, will be so a hundred Years hence. Vice and Virtue are not Fashions.

The Knowledge of the real Worth of Things is certainly very useful, but possibly the Knowledge of the imaginary Value placed upon them, is more so. I prefer an Error which

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lulls me asleep, to a Truth which should break my Rest. To be mistaken with the Multitude, is safer than to be wise alone ; so that if Carnival lasted throughout the Year, I would then appear in Masquerade ; though all Disguise seems to me to favour of Folly ; but in Case the Folly be universal, rather give into it, than be borne down by the Violence thereof: This Conformity saves the Trouble of opposing, or the Ridicule of having given way to it. To make a Shew of Wisdom is commonly a Piece of Folly ; but more commonly a Shew of Folly proceeds from egregious Wisdom. Be wise within yourself, and put on an Appearance of Folly to others ; but, then, I shall be taken for what I am not ; well, and what then, if you are really wise and don't set up for it.

Some would impose themselves upon the World for Persons of a refined Taste, by admiring nothing, and
carping

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carping at every thing. If excessive Praises betray Deceit or Ignorance ; Stupidity, Envy or Affectation lurk under Superciliousness. Let not Merit go without Commendation, yet never shew your Praises profusely ; besides well-plac'd Praise implies Skill in the Value of things, which requires more Discernment than falls to the Lot of the Generality.

This is designed for you, good Dr. K--- ; who never have writ any thing, but one Letter, and that only of two Pages and on no very nice Subject. Think how you expose yourself, in magisterially censuring a Piece which has entertained the First Rate Wits. Don't offer to speak a Word about this ; at least stay till your Betters have given their Verdict.

Antipathy must be avoided ; or we shall be led to conceive an Aversion for many a Person of Merit, only on account of their Phiz.

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Women often hate without knowing wherefore ; but 'tis because some are not handsome enough, and often because they are too handsome. Their Love is also just as well grounded. Hate, but never hate at random. I am far from thinking that they who can't hate are more rational than others. To resent and endeavour to punish, is sometimes highly proper, and especially to despise.

A clear manner of Expression is a very great Advantage to a Man of Sense ; we should habituate ourselves to a plain Style, by always supposing we speak to Persons of low Capacity. Every one is not good at Conjectures, and fewer still can read another's Meaning, in their Eyes. The Ambiguities of Oracles are long since exploded, and a Hermitage is the fittest Place for him who affects to talk in Riddles.

Reflection

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Reflection should always precede lasting Engagements; they cannot be too narrowly discussed by Men of Probity, who make it a Point to adhere to them. Know whither the Clew leads before you trace it, if further than you are for going, drop it; but Wit is not the best Directress here, having often an Alloy of Incogitancy; whereas a doltish Person seldom commits a great Fault, Nature having tempered their Simplicity with Circumspection.

Friendship is full of Troubles and Anxieties, whether our Friend's Love be uniform or subject to Gusts of Caprice. A tender Friendship is certainly a more uneasy Affection than Love itself, yet its Pleasures are not near so lively, so transporting as those of Love. The Loss of a Lover is soon repaired, but that of a Friend is irrecoverable. One feels all the Pains and Distresses of a Friend;

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Friend; it is having two Souls; and being doubly exposed to Affliction. He who keeps himself disengaged, is affected only with his personal Concerns. I undergo the Headache twice, if upon leaving me it seizes my Friend; his Disgrace also becomes mine, if I still own him as such. My Friend's Faults touch me to the quick; the least Slight from him lays me on the Rack; if he abuses my Tenderness, and lays me under a Necessity of breaking with him, this Rupture brings an everlasting Perturbation; and his Death throws me into an inconsolable Grief. I,et who will extol Friendship, I'll have nothing to do with it, unless with Persons whose Good-sense and Probity cement its Duration.

He who forms his Estimate of Men by their Words, will fall into sad Mistakes; their Actions shew them something better, though these
are

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are not all of a Piece: The Wicked are much more consistent with themselves, than the Virtuous. Every Virtue requires a Conflict, and much more a regular Course of them; then the Limits betwixt Virtue and Vice are in some Cases so nice, that without a very curious Discernment we shall err in our Sentiments and Practice. Good and Evil are not always self-evident; so that in critical Points I go by the general Rule, and I find my Account in it. When I am at a stand, I exclude myself and consider how I would have another act. Let me tell you, this Expedient puts one's Resolution to the Test, and therein lies all its Merit, for 'tis not a Matter of great Cunning.

It is not several good Actions which will gain one the established Character of a Man of Honour, and when gained, it is lost by one single scandalous Slip; yet whose Conscience is clear entirely? A Man is to be

88 CHARACTERS.

be traced through all the Steps of his Life, before he can be absolutely pronounced honest.

Good Actions have their dark Side; for however beneficial they are to some, they may be detrimental to others: For Instance, should a Man whom the World well knew to have been deeply obliged by a Girl of neither Birth nor Fortune, in Gratitude for her Favors marry this Girl, it would be readily said, such a Man does a good natured Folly; but, if the same Man had given his Word to a young Woman, who being better than himself, had made him her Choice, and by sacrificing many of her finest Years to him, had declined several decent Matches; I am bold to averr, that he who does not know what a Promise and the Dictates of strict Probity enjoin in such a Case, is a Villain, and a Scoundrel, or a Block-head. How many who are accounted

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counted perfectly honest Men, are reproachable with Crimes of a deeper Dye; the Majority have no more than the Ostentation and Mask of Virtue, and would never do a good Action which was to be concealed. I know some to whom this comes pat, and who, when they read it, in their Hearts, will neither like me nor themselves the better.

Never shew any thing to which the finishing Hand has not been put. Women are quite discreet in not making their Appearance till they have been at their Toilette; and they who admit Company there, are very careful that every thing be first in the nicest Order. This is a Pattern for Authors, who let their Intimates see their weak Side; yet this is an odd Deference paid to Friendship, in communicating to it, what would cost us a Blush if seen by indifferent Persons. Thus we put on our best Cloaths to
appear

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appear before them, whereas we intrude upon our Friends in an Undress. The World is sure to be made acquainted with our Accomplishments; whereas with a Friend, a Husband, or Lover, we don't think it worth while to exert them; but then, they perceive what should be concealed. I don't know whether such a Preference deserves Thanks; for my part, let my Acquaintance shew themselves in the fairest Light to me, and be as watchful against any Flaw in their Behaviour, as if I was the most indifferent Person in the World to them.

Nothing is more common than a Character of Wit, nothing scarcer than Wit itself; by one short Conversation we often decide such a one to be a Man of Wit, whom afterwards, they who live under his Roof shall inform us to be but a senseless Fellow. A Woman with some odd Phrases, peculiar Airs,
and

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and an undaunted Vivacity, is said to have but few Equals ; only her Lovers, though of all Men the most easy to be imposed on, know what she is in Reality. I should be displeased with myself for judging too hastily ; there is no knowing the Abilities of another without a close Attention, without having seen him in different Attitudes, and in perplexing Exigences ; without having long conversed with him ; nor, what is still more necessary, without Perspicacity and Candor in ourselves.

It is observable that People deceive themselves more in their Wit, than in their Person ; they have sometimes little Apprehensions of their being ugly ; but the Wit is never suspected. I one Day ventured to say in a Company of five or six, that all *Paris* did not afford ten Persons of superlative Good-sense ; yet this rude Assertion gave no manner of Offence ; every one of my Audience

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Audience ranking himself among the Ten.

A good Evasion, and a plausible Excuse, require no less Invention, than an Expedient against Busy-bodies. A good Evasion satisfies every body, but the Women, who will be put off with neither good nor bad. Few Persons will admit of the best Excuses, as they imply a Trespafs. Handsome Evasions must proceed from a delicate Wit, he who knows how to refuse, knows more than he who knows how to grant; yet, to give gracefully, is no easy Matter.

Raillery is indecent in all; but execrable in Place-Men, in whom a serious Attention, or a free and noble Politeness are alone becoming; a haughty Reservedness makes them hated. Some affect to knit their Brows by way of Concern; let the Vulgar, who see no further, be caught

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caught with this Grimace, but Persons of Sense immediately take themselves away, without ever returning; this Man, say they, knows neither us, nor himself. Not that I speak by Experience, it having been my good Fortune to meet only with polite Persons, and I shan't hastily expose myself to meet with others.

An Officer's Widow was soliciting the Minister for a Pension; having no Answer to several Petitions, she went herself, with the Appearance of a Lady in low Circumstances; that is, her Dress, none of the best, but all the Carriage and Speech of a well-bred Woman; the *Valets de Chambre* taking her to be nothing less, shewed her into the Antichamber, where the Minister after peering at her, said—well good Woman we'll see—the Lady hereupon sternly fixing her Eyes upon him, answered, Mr.—do

94 CHARACTERS.

do I look like a Goody? I thought you had been clearer-sighted; however it may wear off, having Youth on your Side; then dropping a Curt'sy withdrew; but miss'd her Pension.

To turn Remembrancer, unless in such things as please, is to offend and torment. No body is for having their Misconduct and Misfortunes called to mind, as such a Reminiscence brings Pain and Reproach. I know a young Gentleman who always fell a Whistling when his Governor began to touch upon his Sallies. We must be very deep in a Person's Confidence, before we take upon ourselves freely to expostulate with him about his Faults or his Crosses, and even then, it sowers his Temper.

To give over in Time, is more for one's Character, than to have begun ever so excellently. Upon
perceiving

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perceiving that a Matter of Moment is like to end disgracefully, transfer the Mismanagement of it upon some Blunderer ; enough of this Stamp are to be found, to carry on and badly finish what had been extremely well begun. I could mention Instances of this, in Works of Wit ; but it would draw Enemies upon me, which is what I advise against, and I must not counter-act my own Counsels.

Fear is the Vice of Women and Cowards ; whereas our very selves should be our only Fear. Some Passages in the Lives of the greatest Men, shew that we bear about us that, at which we ought to tremble. Wickedness haunts us so closely, that we should keep a constant Guard, lest it fasten upon us one Time or other, before Death shall have placed us out of its reach ; there the Virtue and Felicity of the Good are eternally secure.

He

96 CHARACTERS.

He who should possess all Things, would be the most wretched Creature in being. There can be no Contentment without Desires ; and some of them must be gratified to enjoy Pleasure, whilst others should be kept in Reserve for a Fit of Wearisomeness ; but the best Preventive against it, is a Strength and Fecundity of Imagination.

To say, I won't have such and such Things, when they are out of our Power, is telling the World more than it will ever believe, or we ourselves can decide. I know a Miss who is in her fiftieth Year, and vows she will never marry, for fear of having Children.

That which we see fashioning into Perfection, strikes us less than what comes finish'd to our Sight. I question whether we should much admire the finest Statue, of the Formation whereof we
had

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had been Spectators, and our Eyes had curiously attended to observe how every Stroke of the Chizzel improved the Block into Shape and Symmetry.

The *Mercury* which others behold with Transport, makes no Impression upon *Pigal*; though possibly he would admire his *Venus*, as much as any of the *Connoisseurs*, could he forget that it came from his Hands: foreign Stuffs are cried up, and yet in Reality will not shew by those of *Lyons*: There is a kind of Veneration paid to whatever comes from abroad, and this also is greater according to the Distance. The less we see, the more curious we are.

Folks crowd to see a Beast something uglier than an Ox, but then it came from the *East-Indies* in a Chest brought in a Waggon. I have seen in our Walks as many
F Followers

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Followers after a *German*, as if she had been the Beauty of *Paris*, yet her only peculiar Allurements were two flaxen Twists, and being a Native of *Manheim*. They who are overlooked at home should travel; perhaps, in their Rambles, they may light on a Husband.

Dress is to be regulated by Rank and Custom; the Mode is a Deference paid to others; in the particular Taste we please ourselves. However becoming a rich Dress is to some, it is far from being so to all. A Girl who is quite charming in a plain Stuff, would not be look'd at in a Brocade: Beauty never appears to more Advantage than in White, but let not a homely Woman pretend to wear that Color; it is such an Enemy to Ugliness, that she would grow out of Love with herself, and be abominated by all Beholders.

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A concealed Ambition is the strongest, and bids fairest for Success. It is a miserable Passion, but he is more so, who suffers himself to be the ambitious Man's Tool. *Francis* the Ist's Preceptor would have nothing for a while; it was after much Courting that he was prevailed upon to accept of a single Benefice; afterwards, he grew insatiable and scarce sat down contented with an Archbishopric, and the Promise of a Cardinal's Cap. Ever mistrust the Greediness of those who refuse what they might decently accept of; they fly at better Game, and so only reserve their Interest to get it more surely into their Pounces.

Nothing is more precarious than Favor. The Favorite who has a Spark of Philosophy, and no Children, must rather long for, than dread the Season of his Removal; then commences invaluable Freedom, then his Chains are broken,

100 CHARACTERS.

Chains so much the more difficult to break, as they are imagined honourable. Is Self-Dependency then so great a Misfortune that the News of it should overwhelm us! Were it in our Power to conciliate Love at any time, I should declare against all Kinds of Engagements.

The free Man's Happiness is within himself, his Tranquility is independent; his Actions uncontrollable. All Countries are alike to him; if one does not answer, he removes, sure of Happiness wherever his Lot be cast. Disgrace has been a Death-Wound to Thousands of Favorites. Extraordinary, indeed, was the Equanimity of *Pimentel*, who said to his Spouse, *Come, Madam, we must away, for all is over with us here; Philip has found out that I am the better Head-piece of the two.*

To insult over the Pressures of
another

CHARACTERS. 101

another is the utmost Stretch of Barbarity. What is not to be feared, is beneath Resentment. Let your Enemies rest when they are no longer able to hurt you. To trample upon the dead Lion is base, such only are to be pursued, who can resist.

A Preparation of the Mind is the best Lenitive in Adversity; if there be any way to ward it off, let it, by all means, be used, but, as if it would not succeed, lest its Miscarriage should ulcerate the Anguish. After such a Precaution, every Expedient may be tried to divert Melancholy; the worst amuse the Mind, and that's sufficient; for still Time is on the Wing, and they often lead to better. No Case is so desperate, as to be beyond all Remedy, and to find it, is the happiest Proof of Wisdom and Fortitude.

The Execution of a Work which is to last, requires a long Time : A single Day never produces any thing excellent ; Perfection moves slowly : An eminent Painter answered one of that Profession, who, shewing him some Pictures, said, that they had taken him up but little Time ; *I make no Doubt on't ; it is easily to be seen.*

To inculcate good Advice to injudicious Persons, is a Misapplication of one's own Sagacity ; for Obstinacy is the constant Attendant on Weakness, and they'll keep to their own Humor. Never offer to direct any but such as understand you, and whose Regard for you, will make them prefer your Sentiments to their own ; at least, who will not exclaim against you, in case of a Disappointment.

There's

There's no indulging a strong Attachment and making one's Fortune. A true Love bars all the Avenues to Opulence. We must either intrench ourselves within Philosophy, and detach our Hearts from worldly Pursuits, or, if Aggrandisement be our Aim, it must engross all our Attention, exclusive of any other Scheme or Desire. Falshood is often the Cause and Effect of Promotion. How many Virtues are bartered away for Gold, or even for frivolous Pleasures !

A Question was started in a Company, *Which was our most necessary Virtue ?* All the Women gave it for Chastity, except one, who answered, *You are all mistaken, it is Discretion :* I am now sixty Years old, and am of an untainted Character ; but whether deservedly, is known only to myself. This Frankness closed the Debate, as coming

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from a Person of allowed Experience, yet without lessening the Opinion of her Virtue. This was succeeded by another Question, *Which was the most insupportable Fault in a Woman?* But here the Sentiments were irreconcilable, every one pronouncing that Fault of which she had the least, to be the most insupportable. After the Women, the Men were brought upon the Tapis, and it was moved, which was their most essential Quality? Some cried up Courage, others said Probity; and I deliver'd my Opinion, that, without Disparagement to those Virtues, it was rather the Address of appearing uniformly to be, whatever one would be thought.

Life without Passions differs little from Sleep, whilst drinking, eating, walking and talking, form the Dream. Appathy annihilates all Sense of our Being; and I would rather anger a Man, who had no
other

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other Paſſion, than tire him and myſelf, by letting him alone. I know a Man of ſuch an amorous Complexion, that where he does not meet with a Woman who really affects his Heart, he keeps his Faculties in Action by ſome imaginary Beauty, till they are impreſt by a real Object. He has alſo a very entertaining kind of Wit; it is he who ſaid, that a pretty Picture was preferable to a ſilly Beauty.

However Injuries may be forgiven, they are not forgotten, unleſs by the Phlegmatic; whereas, the Mind of the Sanguine, like a Mirror, is continually reflecting both Favors and Injuries, Affronts and Courteſies.

Let us forget our own Follies and remember thoſe of others; to ruminate on our own, is to no Purpoſe; and we may draw ſufficient Documents from thoſe of others.

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Constancy being a scarce Virtue, is decried ; besides, the Way now is to forget, or throw a Ridicule upon whatever thwarts our Pleasures, as Constancy surely does. To adhere to the same Friends and Inclinations, is a Fixedness which does Honour to those who have it ; but they who have it not, think it no Diminution to their Happiness. Constancy in Resolutions, is as often a Sign of Obstinacy as of Firmness. Will an Enterprize be to our Advantage or Disadvantage ? that's the Point ; and certainly there is more of true Honor in desisting from a Scheme which has a threatening Aspect, than in standing its Consequences.

It is not Courage which sends a Youth of fifteen into the Army ; he must go through a Campaign before he knows his Mettle ; but he has been told a thousand times, that there's nothing like the Army for

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a Gentleman, and that he is indispensably obliged to serve his King and Country ; he hastens whither he knows his Father, Relations, and Friends to have been before him ; he longs for an Action ; he is in one, behaves well, comes off safe, but shudders at the Thoughts of the many Dangers he was in ; he inwardly dreads the next Campaign ; but Dangers gradually become familiar to him, or he chearfully trusts his good Luck which has so often saved him : Thus, after fifty Years Service, he may get the Character of a brave Man.

To depart from Virtue is accounted, by the truly Virtuous, the worst of Misfortunes: They have linked the Happiness of their Lives to the abstaining from every Appearance of Guilt: Whereas the Wicked are so accustomed to compass their Ends by oblique Measures, that they think Candor and

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Probity would undo them ; therefore it is not their respective Notions of Virtue which I regard. I ask, what Opinion of it must be entertained by most Men, whose Actions have been a Medley of Good and Evil ; and whose evil Actions have oftener turned out to their Advantage than their good ones ? I ask, what Thoughts of Virtue that Man can have, who, brought up in Want, yet with *Epicurean* Dispositions, suddenly exchanges a Condition, which the Contrariety of it to his Temper rendered the more insupportable, for one wherein he may luxuriously gratify every Appetite, and this, by only one single Crime, and that utterly unknown, by a clandestine Theft, or a Depositum detained, having not been claimed ; is it to be thought that this Guilt haunts him every where, and embitters all his Delights ? No, no, if the Spectre appears in a vacant Moment, it is but very seldom,

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dom; the Hurry of Business, and the Intoxication of Pleasure, hinder its frequent Intrusions: I speak by Experience; I know some Persons perfectly easy in the most abandoned Wickedness; and others of the purest Virtue, yet full of Disquietude. These fly for Comfort to some chymical System, and the Tranquility of the former results from an Incogitancy, which seldom leaves them till they are frightened out of it by the Vicinity of Death. Here, I own, is a material Difference betwixt the good and the wicked Man; one dies in Hope, the other in Horror; but both in an Illusion. The way then to be happy say you? Why then, as I write only to promote Truth, hear it: It is to guard against Prejudices, both in Life and at Death; to be wicked, if that be the Bent of our Mind, Soul, and Heart; to be good, if such is our natural Disposition; and to die as we have lived. What signifies a
Change

110 CHARACTERS.

Change for an Instant, when neither God nor Man will be satisfied with it. Here you cry out, O shocking! this is hardening the Wicked and depreciating Virtue. I leave things as they are; my Reflections will not be of weight to alter Nature. I should be mighty wise indeed, to instigate Sheep to act the Wolves, and to recommend the Meekness of Lambs to the Wolves. Let the Wolf act like a Wolf, says *la Fontaine*; and what more do I say? But if our Temper be unalterable, and a Change of Manners only indicates a Change in the Constitution, to what Purpose all these Maxims, Lessons, and Precepts? Why then, since you will know, they mean no more than an Amusement for myself, and you, and others. Write I must, and I would be in every bodies Hands, though, I know, I shan't reform a single Soul.

All

CHARACTERS. 111

All is over with us at Death; therefore I can't but look upon those to be in a Delirium, whose Ambition is to be talked of after Death, or whose Life has been employ'd in the Decorations of Style and the Cadence of Periods. What a deal of Trash, and even Filth, takes up our Minds! and how well adapted is the Pomp of lying in State, to those who were base and fordid in their Lives! A certain Funeral Oration on *Cæsar* begins thus; He has killed five hundred Men with his own Hand: And in another, on a Princess who died in her twelfth Year, the Orator, after a Ribblerow of Titles, expatiates on the Chastity, Prudence, and other premature Endowments of the Deceased; yet this Panegyrist was no less than a Bishop.

All the capital Passions die away at the Approach of Death; Avarice

112 CHARACTERS.

rice alone acts in its full Force. However sincerely Men repent at that tremendous Season, of their Love of Women and Abuse of Riches, they still cling to Covetousness. The Commander *de* ——— after a lingering Illness, being at the Point of Death, said to his Physician, who had carefully attended him during six Months, that it was time reward his Affiduity, and offered him three *Louis* out of a Bag which was carefully hid under his Bolster: The Physician, stunned at such a Trifle, ask'd if it was in Part: In Part! reply'd the dying Miser, I say in Part too; no, no, Sir, I reward you richly for the whole Time of my Illness. The Physician again expostulated with him; and the Commander reply'd, Well, I see it is a hard Matter to satisfy you, here, then, is a little Crown for you. At this the Doctor could not forbear laughing, but refused the three *Louis* and the little Crown. Hope
and

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and Avarice remain with Men to the last Gasp; though the Stingy may not imagine themselves to be so, and go off with that Notion.

Such things as may prejudice our Interest, or disturb our Tranquility, should not be pried into. Let disagreeable Truths sleep; give me an Error which settles me in Ease, before a direct Proof which would throw me into an Agony. Curiosity belongs to Children and Fools; to Children, as knowing nothing; to Fools, as minding other People's Follies.

As the Estates of others are not to be invaded, neither are their Titles to be assumed. A mere Gentleman by styling himself Count or Marquiss, commits such an Impertinence, though too common, that Men of Sense think him below their Ridicule. Pride your self to your Heart's Content, with the Atchievements

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ments or Dignities of your Ancestors; but scorn the Tricks of Fortune-Hunters, for if you can't reach so high as your Ambition looks, you may at least outstrip that scandalous Species.

As Women despise their Inferiors, and slight their Equals, so they envy their Betters. Would not one swear that Birth and Rank always included Merit? There cannot be a more palpable Contradiction than is here seen between saying and doing. After laying down the most generous Maxims, we persevere in Contempt, Envy and Malevolence in a Contempt, never so well grounded as our Envy. The Marchioness *de —*'s Monkey bit one of her Women so terribly in the Arm, that it was apprehended she would lose her Life; on the first Day the Marchioness rattled her Monkey, and in good Earnest, charged it never to bite so hard. The poor Girl came off with the Loss of the Arm; and

as this rendered her unserviceable, she was turned away, with a Promise of being taken care of. The Marquis beginning to represent the Inhumanity of such a Proceeding, she interrupted him, *What can I do with a Creature without Arms?*

Some are entirely actuated by a Spirit of Contradiction: If any one makes an Overture, that's enough for them to oppose it. This is either the Effect of a freakish Humor affecting Singularity, or of a Contempt of the Generality, as if they were a bad Pattern in every thing. However, it be, these Humorists are the Jests of Society, and seldom any thing is seen to prosper under their Management. It is only in speculative Points that Truth is to be found in unfrequented Paths; in Action and Business, it is better to keep the high Way. Sagacity seems pretty nearly divided amongst most Men; so that it gives
no

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no Superiority over those who are not so well provided as our selves, but in Occasions when it might be better for us to be upon a level with them. The Men of Wit are generally the most embarrass'd in their Concerns, involving themselves in a Sea of Troubles by the Singularity of their Notions and Attachment to visionary Speculations.

He who is flush'd with an Assurance of making a vast Fortune, is often at the same time posting to Ruin, and only by the Omission of a slight Circumstance in his Supputation. In Projects of Moment every thing should be weighed: Nothing but the immense Advantages of Success, and the small Detriment of a Miscarriage, can warrant setting any thing afloat on the Stream of Hazard.

A Man of Sense carefully studies his Abilities and Weaknesses; his
Abi-

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Abilities, that he may take the shortest Cut to Happiness; and his Weaknesses, that he may not stumble by the Way. This Address, in making an Estimate of the Difficulties compared with his Talents, gives him an Insight into Futurity; accordingly he only is overborne by unexpected Events, to whom nothing has appeared difficult, or not difficult enough.

There is more Equity in the conscious Verdict we pass upon our selves, than is generally thought. It were well, if our Behaviour was as free from Deceit, as the inward Estimate of our Worth. A Villain is for palming himself upon the World for an honest Man, yet can't think himself such. A Block-head also may set up for a Wit, though convinced how far short he falls of many others: With all his Affectation of distinguishing Excellence, no Man, in his secret Thoughts,

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Thoughts, prefers himself to any, but Strangers or such who are manifestly his Inferiors; the Conceit reaches no farther. Be it known to all my Friends and Acquaintance, that I allow only those to have Wit, who do appear to me to have more than myself; I say of others, that they are not stupid. Envy is seen in the Self-sufficient no less than in others, a sure Sign that they are not so highly satisfied with themselves as they seem: If Hypocrisy be a Homage paid by Vice to Virtue, Envy is an Acknowledgment (and a very painful one) of Superiority.

Never embark premeditately in any arduous Undertaking, of which the Result must be a very signal Glory or a no less disgraceful Ridicule. Great Actions seldom are respectfully remembered; till the bad ones begin to be forgot; that is, when the Doer is dead. 'Tis an extravagant

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vagant Game, where all in Life is needlessly hazarded, to gain something after Death.

Some Men even weep like Women, but scarce any Woman can weep like a Man. Tears do not always flow from Weakness, sometimes from Sensibility ; the most Resolute may, in some Junctures, weep with as much Decency, as, in others, the most Austere may laugh ; with this Difference, that one may rationally laugh at a Word, whereas Tears denoting a stronger and more lasting Emotion, must be justified by a proportionate Motive. One may laugh at a Trifle, but it should be something important which draws Tears. Any thing will work upon Women ; as they laugh and weep with the same Facility ; they only want one to lead up the Dance ; for, according to the Poet, let but one Woman weep, immediately another adds her Tears, and
if

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if ever so many, they all copiously join in the Lamentation. What can this mean? I dare not tell,—but Men are lucky Gueffers.

Whence is it that Men, otherwise extremely delicate, are not so nice in their Amours, as Women of any Taste are? I could point out one Reason, not greatly to our Honour: Were the Virtue which is in some of us, more discreet and flexible, Men would hardly leave us for Creatures, whom, at first, they visit only to kill a tedious Hour, but who afterwards become the Objects of a settled and very liberal Attachment.

Avoid the Immoral and Impolite: The Conversation of Men of Literature and Virtue exercises and innobles the Mind, which among the Herd becomes rapid and polluted. Talents are cultivated, the pure Stile acquired, Politeness, Virtue,

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tue, and Dignity preserved, only with those who excel in them ; besides, we are much sooner vitiated than improved.

Some Men fancy, that could they once be admitted into those Assemblies of Wits which meet at the Houses of some Ladies, they should be at the very Tip of Fame ; not considering, that the noble Writings of these Gentlemen are not owing to that Distinction, but that Distinction owing to the previous Reputation of their Writings. I could find in my Heart to tell M. ———, *Either write finely, or act gloriously*, and then you need not fear but it will spread. If you are for being talked of, perform something worthy of it. Your being chose a Member of the Academy, or admitted to the Assemblies of all the Ladies in the Universe, will only occasion Enquiries by what Means, till it is evident, that your Accomplishments alone procured you these Honors.

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The Character of a Man of Sense does not depend on Women, whereas ours rises and falls at the Will of Man. Our Applause is no current Proof of Capacity ; and our Censure of a Man who has given Proofs of his Merit, recoils upon ourselves; but when a Man declares such a Woman to have Wit, his Word is sufficient ; it establishes her Character : This, by the way, is something odd, for sure I am, that Men are as liable to be prepossess'd as we are.

He who cannot wind himself clear from a disagreeable Proposal, must be contented sometimes to be thought discourteous and unsociable. Evasions and Subterfuges won't take with all ; some are so stubborn, and of such a Memory, that they are not easily put off ; the only way to deal with these, is to seem very much out of Humor with them ;

them; unless, foreseeing their Drift, you have refused them beforehand.

To obtain a Woman's Affections, study her Humors and Pleasures, gratify her Fancies, excuse her Caprices, wink at her Faults, praise the good Qualities she has, lend her those she has not, never commend any Woman before her, especially never offer to lay her under the least Constraint. Whatever offends Self-love, or checks our Pleasures, must never hope for Pardon; at least, this is my *Recipe*.

The greatest Plague a Woman can meet with, is a headstrong Gallant, for whom she has no Affection; when she is alone, his Presence is a Nuisance, but much worse, when she has Company to her liking; he must expect to be detested, who will obstinately debar two Persons, who love each other, from the Enjoyment of a long wish'd-for

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Interview: Significant Tokens are not wanting to let him know that his Absence is desired ; the Looks, Attitudes, Discourse, Silence, and the Emphasis on the Adieu, are so many Sentences of Banishment.

To get rid of troublesome Persons, without making them our Enemies, is a very nice Point: To tell them, *Begone, you are troublesome*, may indeed send them away, but with Hearts full of Resentment ; and to tire them with an over-strain'd Politeness, succeeds neither with the *Witalls*, who, poor Souls ! take every thing in good part ; nor with those of a different Cast, who will stay on purpose to plague us. Well, what's to be done then ? why, really, I know no other Shift, than to get the Plague, or to give out that one has it ; like a Philosopher, who, that he might depart in Peace, ordered
all

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all Visitors to be told, that his Illness was catching.

Deviate sometimes from your real Temper; 'tis a sure way to put designing Persons to a Loss, if not totally disconcert their Measures, by keeping them in Suspence betwixt Hope and Fear. If you are always good-natured, no body will mind you; if always open, you'll be often circumvented; if always crafty, you'll be mistrusted; whereas by a well-timed Variation of Conduct, you'll be loved and never duped, but may dupe others; which sometimes becomes necessary.

Preeminence is never forgiven, unless very conspicuous: It would be very imprudent to give an Opening to your Patron or Mistress, whereby the one might discern that your Talents surpass his, and the other, that, the Difference of Sexes considered, your Person and Car-

riage is the most agreeable. To make Parade of your own Wit, is not the Point; but artfully to lay Opportunities in the Way of such from whom you have any Expectations, of shewing theirs.

To lay one's self open to every body, is, at least, an Indiscretion: With all our Wit, Learning, Capacity, and Virtue, we have still some weak Side, some disadvantageous Point of View. Here, the Women must be owned to set the Men a good Lesson; they carefully hide what won't bear seeing: There's Lady——, who, having bad Teeth, laughs only with her Eyes.

Madam *de* —— and Mr. *de* —— in the first Extasies of an infant Passion, were for securing each other, by those Ties which are of the greatest Force with considerate Persons, and of none with Lovers; after the most terrible Imprecations,
they

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they called upon God and the Angels to ratify this Solemnity. Well, they lived several Months in a blissful Certainty of each other's inviolable Truth; but Madam *de* ——— unfortunately took into her House a young Relation, who, though not so beautiful as herself, was worth notice. Accordingly Mr. *de* ——— took notice of her, grew in Love with her, and his Passion being returned, he took care to pay his Visits to Madam *de* ——— only when he was sure to find her Relation alone; but ill Luck overtakes us one Day or other, Madam *de* ——— once bolting in upon them unawares, surprized her Lover in her Rival's Arms: She immediately drew back, and stood on the Stairs. Upon Mr. *de* ———'s coming out, as she expected he would, she gently took him by the Hand, and led him down Stairs; then said to her Porter, "Here you, eye this Man
" from Head to Foot; if such

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“ a one ever appears at the Gate,
 “ be sure to deny me ; and that
 “ you may not be mistaken, mind,
 “ this is his Picture.” After this
 first Exploit, returning to her Apartment, her Kinswoman threw herself at her Feet. “ Rise, Child, said she, with an Air of Kindness,
 “ I am not in the least surprized
 “ that Mr. *de* —— has gained your
 “ Affections, and as little angry
 “ at your Weakness : I experienced
 “ it before you, and you never engaged yourself not to love him.
 “ We have both followed the Motions of our Hearts, which, as
 “ it is no more than natural, I don’t
 “ resent ; the Guilt is all Mr. *de*
 “ ——’s, and him I have punished.
 “ Be easy, and strive to forget that
 “ Fellow, for I don’t see why you
 “ should expect more Constancy
 “ than he has shewn to me.” This Speech was followed by a tender Embrace and a Present, and Madam *de* —— continued to treat her

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her with the same Indulgence as before. Here was Resolution; but no Resolution can take away Sensibility; for this Affair threw her into a severe Illness, which brought her to make many a Vow against further Amours, and she strictly adhered to them.

It were to be wished that all Women were like Madam de ——— But my Question is, Whether she broke her Protestations, and whether God, and the Angels whom she had invoked as Witneses, can be offended at her dismissing an Ingrate, and turning her Love into Contempt. Is it objected, that such solemn Engagements were indissoluble, or, that, at least, if her Infraction of them was not criminal, her entering into them was blameable; that may be, but this does no invalidate my Assertion.

In my *Advice*, I have intimated, that Promises should be conditional, when any Incident is apprehended which may render the Performance improper. To explain myself; a Woman promises to love for ever; but surely this is with a tacit Condition of being loved for ever, and that her Lover shall be careful of his Person, and not run himself into any Difficulties, &c. Is it not manifest, that without such a Reservation, they would be continually dinning each other's Ears with, *Well, I am bound to stand it, I'll never run such Lengths again.* Why should Oaths be accounted more obligatory than they can naturally be? Is it not enough to act up to them, whilst we have no valid Reasons to neglect them; besides, some things are out of our Power, and these I more especially mean. To swear everlasting Fidelity, may be rational, Fidelity being

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ing in our Power ; but never vow everlasting Love. We should only swear like Children, or strictly examine the Purport and Object of our Oaths.

A Man has debauched a Girl under Promise of Marriage ; by refusing to marry her, he has plainly committed a Theft, and refuses Restitution ; and by marrying her, brings irrecoverable Disgrace and Misery on himself : Now, what must he do ? retract his Word or sacrifice his Happiness ? The latter. Why, no more could be required, if it would certainly render the seduced Person happy ; but nothing is more uncertain : So that the real State of the Question is, Whether a Man must, in regard to his Word, sacrifice both his own, and the Happiness of another ? No, surely. Therefore, young Women, be upon your Guard ; never rely upon

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Promises extorted by Passion, and repugnant to Sense and Interest. Men, forbear rash Engagements, and Matters will mend on both Sides.

It is a very important Happiness to a young Man, if the first Woman he loves, proves a Woman of Sense and Honour ; her Ascendant over him can then have only advantageous Consequences. *It is my Will*, is a striking Word from a beautiful Woman ; but when our Wills are directed by Reason and Honour, how happy is a Gentleman in his Submission to our Commands.

The Insolence of Men, in former times, sprung from their being used to converse with Women who deserved no Respect ; for the Tribe of the *Brazens* was very numerous in ancient Days. Now it is extinct, all the Men are polite and gallant, and the Women such
with

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with whom the Bounds of Respect are not easily transgressed. She who should be offended in good earnest, and he who should really be afraid of offending, would be looked upon as old-fashioned Creatures.

If former times had their *Brazens*, some Men, however, were to be found of a safe and easy Commerce, taking every Thing by the best Handle, never thinking the worse of a Woman for a few Slips, unchangeable in their Respect; however, Respect is too phlegmatic to have been ever much in Request.

It is no less necessary for a young Man to keep good Company among Women, than for a young Woman to avoid dissolute Men; it will improve his Understanding and Morals, provided they are neither Devotees nor Libertines; nothing being to be learned by the former, and nothing from the latter, but what is
better

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better unknown ; they seduce the best Inclinations, and though, which is very uncertain, the Mind should recover itself at a maturer Age, it will retain some Relics of their Commerce, which a well-bred Woman ever nauseates. What Resource then is there after a Course of Life amongst Libertines ? Must a Man spend his latter Years in Remorse for the former, and so be a Burden to himself and others ? Really, he might as well continue with his old Acquaintance, as no new ones will accept of him. I desire to be silent as to keeping Company with Devotees ; I should have them all upon my Back, and then, what little Character I have, would be sadly mangled.

To keep to Custom in Thinking, Speaking and Acting, is keeping yourself upon a Level with the Millions ; not that I would put you upon being singular, for Originals
are

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are liked by very few. But by thinking justly, speaking gracefully, and acting nobly, you'll distinguish yourself, without being an Original.

It is said that every Thing comes in Time ; this is often verified as to Folly ; but in some People their Time of Good-sense never comes, who yet are not the most miserable. There is a Man whose whole Study and Employment is to collect all the little Anecdotes of Court and City, and whose highest Pleasure is to communicate them, which he does very profusely. He thinks himself the happiest Creature living, if he is the first to inform you that such a Gentleman's Sale of Pictures amounted to above 4000 *l.* it looks as if he were so in Reality, for the most consummate Mathematician of this Age has declared, that he envied the happy Futility,
and

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and the entertaining Knowledge of this Person.

Our Happiness is either within ourselves, or procured by others ; so, let us not bewilder ourselves in Quest of a Station not allotted to us, a visionary Fortune, or an unattainable Reputation ; there was but one right Way for the Marquis *de* — which is, indeed, the same which his Ancestors trod ; but he makes light of that, and playing an incomparable Fiddle, he cares for nothing beyond.

I don't know whether I should not choose that any mean Passion, or scandalous Action, of mine, should be exposed to the World, rather than have it as a secret Canker in my Mind. Let me be thought, such as I really am. I would no more defraud Men of their Esteem than their Money. It is virtue itself in which I delight, and not in the
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the Fame of it ; then I mortally hate all Hypocrisy, as the Mask of Wickedness.

Men have the Words, *Vice, Virtue, Probity, Religion, &c.* as often in their Mouths, as Women have *China, Jewels, Chints, Damask, &c.* so that one would think they understood each other ; but when they come to explain their Ideas of these Terms, there is such a Contrariety that one would think they were all born in a different Climate ; nay, their Humors are so various, their Pursuits so opposite, and their Deportment so dissimilar, that they look like so many Animals of a distinct Species. Whence can this Diversity proceed ? when in the Objects of Sense there is a perfect Agreement ; all Eyes admire the Rainbow ; the Odors of the Pink, Rose, and Jessamin please universally ; some Dishes delight all Palates, and so of the other Senses.

Have

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Have we no distinguishing Sense for Virtue and Vice, for Honour and Probity, &c. or if we have, is it distempered in most Men? This is probably the Case. The Ear, Feeling, Smelling, the Eye, the Taste, &c. are in all Countries left in their natural State; no Art is used to spoil them; accordingly they seldom fail of forming a proper Judgment of their respective Objects. As to the sixth Sense, which is conversant about Truth and Falsehood, Vice and Virtue, every thing seems to make against it.

Might I be allowed to speak like *Montaigne*, and use his strong and original Images, which our false Delicacy has exploded, I would say, that Truth is seldom present at our Birth; but that Prejudices crowd about the Midwife, watching our Egress, and Superstition immediately claps its Hands upon our Temples, to crush our Heads;
hence

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hence so many Wrong-heads, and these beyond all Mending ; so many streightened Skulls, which can never be distended ; for the *Callus* being settled, any Experiments that Way might only make them worse. *Montaigne* would add, the Incrustation has penetrated too far to be intirely extracted, and better not at all than not intirely ; that would be only making a Man like a studded Snuff-box, which has lost most of its Studs ; before they represented something, such as it was ; but now no body can tell what to make of them : Such are exactly all Demi-Philosophers, and almost all those Women who bear the Epithet of *Wonderful*.

Happiness is a Bowl which we follow in its Run, and give it a Kick when it stops. We hold on a long while in this Exercise, before we grow out of Conceit withit. When we are almost spent, we are for resting,

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resting, and let the Bowl take its Course; then we execrate Life, inveigh against every body but our own dear selves. Some betake themselves to writing grave Books, in which two Things are most discernible, that the Author has mispent his former Life, and that he is extremely out of Humour. With Submission to *Epicetus*'s celebrated Wisdom, I profess, I had rather take a Turn in a Church-yard, and read over the Epitaphs, than sit poring upon his doleful Morals. What is it to me, whether, according to him, it is more in our Power to diminish our Troubles, than to add to our Pleasures; or whether *Epicurus* be in the right? It is clear to me, that he knows nothing of his Happiness, who aims at nothing beyond those two Concerns. This, if I remember right, was the Opinion of one *Aristippus*, and I adopt it. My Advice is to put a good Face upon
all

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all Conditions, Affluence and Penury, Grandeur and Abasement.

Aristippus could figure at the Tables of Monarchs, and make a chearful Meal on Pulse in *Diogenes's* Cask. This is the Philosopher for me. Purple does not intoxicate him, nor a coarse Garment sit uneasy upon him. He is Proof against Vicissitudes. He enjoys the Gifts of Fortune, and at the same time can placidly resign them. His Virtue is a secure Shelter in the worst Weather: Is Pain to be supported, here my Philosopher equals *Epietetus*; and *Epicurus* does not exceed him in his lively and delicate Enjoyment of Pleasure; nor will I ever think him intitled to that Appellation, who can sleep only on the bare Ground, or on Down. The Man of Reflection takes up with whatever Couch Fortune offers him. The Philosopher makes Life a Diversion and an Exercise, enjoy-
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ing Pleasures and setting a Pattern of Virtue ; and if this Alternative be not very glorious, neither is it very censurable. He will neither strive after an ideal Perfection, nor place his Felicity in becoming insensible. If he publishes, his Works will breathe the Benignity, Composedness, and Elevation of his Mind ; there will be no Appearance of a Man restless in the Pursuit of Happiness, but of one exulting in the solid Enjoyment of it. Only read *Fontenelle* on Happiness, and you are forced to say within yourself, what a happy Man was this Author ! His Treatise may not make you, possibly, so learned as that of *Maupertuis* on moral Philosophy, but it will make you easier. You'll be better pleased with Life after *Fontenelle* ; and after *Maupertuis* you'll be apt to wish yourself in your Grave. Excuse a little Trifling ; the one presents you with delicious Comfits which melt in your Mouth ;
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the other gives you Nuts to crack, many of which, after tiring your Jaws, prove rotten, or contain only a bitter Dust. Ask *Fontenelle*, what is Pleasure? you need not be apprehensive of such an Answer as this, That, in general, Pleasure consists in a Perception which the Soul had rather feel than not feel! What a flat, base, insipid Definition is this of Pleasure! However, the Jejuneness of the Manner would meet with more Favor if compensated by the Richness of the Matter; but without any Wrong to the Author or his Work, it is defective in this Point, and not a little. Mr. *de Maupertuis* seems to me to be for obtruding a moral Arithmetic of his Invention upon the World, and applying to all Men, in general, a Calculation apposite only to those of his particular Complexion. The more and the less of Pleasure or Pain, and the more or less Sensibility of Pain or Pleasure, branch
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our whole Species into different Classes of Men, of different Degrees of Happiness or Misery ; and among all these, but one is to be found, where the Principles of Happiness and Misery are exactly balanced. I say, after a Supputation of the Happiness and Misery of the several Orders of Men, in one only do they amount to the same Total. Above this Order, Life begins to be an Advantage ; beneath it, there is a Gradation of Sorrows ; so that Life is not to be termed an Evil to all Men indefinitely, but only, it may be an Evil to more, than it is a Good. Nor is this all. Whence has Mr. *de Maupertuis* fetched this Proposition, that Pain and Pleasure were to be estimated simply by Duration and Intensity ? Surely any one with a single Scruple of common Sense, would prefer the Enjoyment of an Hundredth Part of a great Pleasure for a hundred Years successively, to the whole Pleasure only

only for one Year. Duration, considered abstractedly from either Pleasure or Pain, seems an Advantage ; but some Pleasures decay extremely fast, and some Pains become intolerably violent by any Continuance ; and perhaps no two Pleasures nor two Pains, nor one Pleasure nor one Pain, to use Mr. *de Maupertuis's* Terms, are under the same Law of Velocity. How can Life be rated from so many unequal Premises ? nor can Experience adjust the Calculation, for if you ask the first Person you meet, are you willing to die ? and he should say yes, I even wish to die, can you infer from hence that Life is an Evil to him ? No, indeed, the utmost Import of this Answer is, that he is dissatisfied with the present Instant : Likewise, had the Answer been, I am for living, it would have been only applicable to the present. Are you willing to die ? is so complex a Question, that it

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seldom meets with a full Answer. You ask a Man how he stands affected to Life? and the Amount of his Answer is, only, that he is either pleased or displeased with the present Moments; whereas the true State of the Question is, whether he would live just the very same Life over again? And, here, the Fear of Death might determine his Answer, and most Men might be willing to return to the Cradle, only to be further from the Grave, and for Fear, as the Vulgar Saying has it, *of falling out of the Frying-pan into the Fire*. The Case won't admit of a general Conclusion. It looks as if some Men had better have never been born; and to those who live happily, Death seems an Evil: Methinks, it should be welcome to those who are a Burthen to themselves and others; for it is supposable that Death, like many other Things, is but a Bug-bear. Its Approach, we see, extinguishes all Love and Hatred; the

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the most delightful Objects are disregarded ; the dying Man can scarce bestow one Look upon Wife, Children, and Relations or Mistress : Whence then this Unwillingness to die ? Had not many Persons of good Sense calmly dispatched themselves, I should think the Dread of Death a natural Principle. Whatever it be, God forbid I should become an Advocate for Suicide ; this would appear particularly odd in me, tho' it would not have the greater Weight : But I will, and that truly, tell you, that some Years since, when I really thought myself within ten Minutes of Death, I was dying with all the Serenity of a true Philosopher. The Length and Violence of my Illness, originally owing to an Accident not uncommon among Women, had neither disordered my Reason nor Temper : Though at that Time in the Prime of Life, and the first Year of a very happy Marriage, though adored by

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my Husband, beloved by my Friends, and perfectly well satisfied with every Circumstance of my Situation, I was leaving the World without the least Repining. I so little thought of Relief and Assistance, that I did not so much as ask for those of the Soul. I was removing from the Embraces of my Relations to the Bosom of God, with the same Tranquillity as forgetting the Bustle of the World in the Repose of Sleep. Now, I say to myself, why may not this be the Case with many others ?

So that some, among the Happy, do not account Death any great Evil. This depends on their Temper ; though the Pains of Sicknes, the Gratulations of Conscience, or an innate Fortitude, or the Presence of some Persons may be accessory Motives : But enough of this melancholy Subject, about which we are all in the dark, or at best see
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but dimly. The Philosophers and myself, in our Harangues upon Death, are just as wise as a blind Man describing Light and Colours, or as a certain Virtuoso of our Days, who used to put his Head under Water, to discover if Fishes had any Hearing. To return to the *Essay on Moral Philosophy*, the Author, after extravagating on the Nature of the happy Moment, seems to me no less inaccurate in his Enumeration of the Pleasures of the Soul; these he limits to two Kinds, the one arising from the Practice of Virtue, the other from a View of Truth. How! is there not some Gratification in Hatred, Revenge and Wickedness, may I ask the Author himself, if he is a Stranger to all intellectual Pleasures but those resulting from Virtue and Speculation? Mr. *de Maupertuis* will hardly deny the Author of the *Impartial Enquiry* to have felt even a very delicious Satisfaction in embarrassing his Adver-

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saries, and as hardly affirm the Love of Virtue, or the Investigation of Truth to have been the Sources of this Pleasure. But these are not the only Difficulties in his Position. The Practice of Equity, and the Knowledge of Truth are, you say, the only two Inlets of Pleasure to the Soul; well, granted. But what do you mean by the Practice of Virtue and Equity? What is really so, or, what you conceive to be so? What also do you mean by the View of Truth, what is really so, or, what appears to be so? Are there no happy Errors? Is every Mistake big with Anguish or Detriment? Was it advantageous or not, to a Father of a Family, to be inwardly and thoroughly persuaded, that without any Prejudice to his Happiness, he might either be utterly careless of the Education of his Children, or educate them far above his Rank and Fortune, if he should die before the unhappy

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Consequences of those Extremes broke out. Such a Discussion would not have been misplaced. But, how can so many Points be cleared up in a few Pages? And why not then add a few more, rather than streighten the Subject; there was either too much or too little.

Some remarkable Whim is to be found in most Persons of a distinguished Merit; whether it be Affectation or Design I know not; possibly they mean to amuse Envy with it, or conclude, that those Foibles, at which many will be continually carping, will afford so many Opportunities to others, to enlarge upon their noble Qualities. In either Case, I commend their Prudence. They of whom some Ill may be said, with a great deal of Good, come oftener upon the Carpet than a finished Character; the former suit both the Fault-finders and the Panegyrists. The Count *de* ——— with all his eminent Endowments, was so fan-

tastical as often to appear abroad in a Suit of blue Mohair, red Heels, and a white Feather, though in his eightieth Year ! O the Fop ! but let me tell you, that without this Foppery, it would not have been asked, what old Fool is that ? and consequently not have been answered ; 'tis the Count *de* ——— a very extraordinary Person.

Let no superficial Philosopher marry ; for unless he has the good Fortune to meet with a Woman of singular Merit, they will only be a mutual Vexation to each other, without more Concessions and Indulgences than are usual. If that State which brings Philosophy least to the Test be fittest for him, then Marriage is not ; though, if Marriage be clogged with Inconveniencies, Celibacy is not without them. What Quiet has an old Batchelor, who is not surly enough to shut his Doors against those who are to be Gainers
by

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by his Death? The Abbot ——— lay at the Point of Death, and to his Misfortune was very rich; consequently his Heirs very impatient; he had likewise Benefices, and Nephews qualified for them; this was enough to make him shrink at dying, and to hasten his Death. Two of his Relations standing at his Bed's Feet, one called to him, Uncle, why is not the Sacrament brought? you are far gone; then the other importuned him, pray, Uncle resign such a Benefice to my Brother, as the Physicians have given you over. The poor Abbot, being no Hero at any time, was now so terrified with his Nephew's Admonitions, that his Illness came on more violently, and carried him off. This is the Fate of all who want Sense and Courage; and who can warrant himself that these will hold out to the last Gasps, when he has neither Friends nor Children to sustain him? If Death be bitter to all, it must be much

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more so to the Irresolute and Perplexed. It would make our Departure much easier to keep off those dismal Creatures which obsede us, as if they would carry us alive into the Regions of the Dead. If a Man has lived in Wickedness, this is no Time for Amendment ; if no Guilt stares him in the Face, why does he not die quietly ? His Apprehension of Death, and the Formalities of Repentance, are a Reproach to his Life. Nature inclines us to leave the World as we came into it, without any Thought or Concern ; but Superstition will have it otherwise.

A Fortune, hastily acquired, soon tumbles into Ruin : The Founders are so taken up with Wealth, that they cannot spare a Thought for the Education of their Heirs ; accordingly, after wasting it in a shorter Time than it was got, they die in all the Wretchedness, in which their Fathers were born.

Never be cajoled by good Intentions ;

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tions ; there is no Stress to be laid on them till they are brought to Effect. What goes by the Name of Goodwill, is very low in my Esteem, since I have observed it to abound most in those who can do least : When you obtain a Promise, never put up with fair Words ; nothing is cheaper, they are in every body's Mouth ; but insist upon Performance.

A discreet Forwardness seldom does any Hurt. He who knows his Road, and carries his Aim in his Eye, cannot make too much Haste. What Remissness or Timidity would certainly have missed, has been often obtained by Vigilance or Importunity.

The Complaint of Merit being seldom rewarded, is very unreasonable ; for besides the exceeding Scarcity of true Merit, by whom should it be rewarded ? the generality have no Idea of it, and to many it is an Offence.

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What-

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Whatever relaxes our Virtues or Acquirements, is pernicious to them, but Self-love keeps them alert ; so that it is a Fault not without its Uses. Vanity, under proper Restrictions, and artfully concealed, is the main Spring of the Soul, and incites to Emulation. Without Self-love and Vanity, I am persuaded we should be a very worthless Generation.

A Multitude of Acquaintance seems of absolute Necessity to a Man of any Views ; but to have many Friendships is dangerous and troublesome to all. The best Method to secure our Quiet, is to make as many Friends as we can, and still keep our Hearts to ourselves. Our own personal Concerns work us Sollicitude enough, without fetching from other Quarters.

They who, Strangers to the soft Emotions, only join in the Pleasures
of

of Society, who, with all the other Sensations and Passions of human Nature, are quite void of those which have any relation to Grief, Pity, and Benevolence; are, in my Account, no more than Machines, but whom I despise more than if they were really so; what Numbers do I know of these execrable Machines!

When the Choice is in your Power, prefer that which is best in the general Opinion; for where the Eye of the World condemns our Choice, it is to be apprehended we are wrong: Whatever is truly beautiful commands the Liking and Approbation of all. I know there are particular Tastes, but let these be consulted only in Furniture.

The Talent of conjecturing right is of great Use: When once the Inside of Things and Heads is seen into, little remains; and he who
has

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has seen clearest, seldom fails of turning them most to his Advantage.

Some are censured for not being able to live with others; whence is it? Not from any want of Sense, or good Nature; but because they are not under a Necessity of living with every body. He whose Rank obliges him often to entertain disagreeable Persons, must sit upon Thorns; however, he may have the good Fortune, in a large Company, to be seated betwixt two Fools, and then the Contrast may be some Alleviation, for the Diversity is as great betwixt Fools as betwixt Men of Parts. Fools are my Aversion, yet I can better away with several than with one: To be continually pardoning the self-same Person, frets me to the Heart; whereas the Ridicules of several vary the Scene, and plead each others

Excuse.

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Excuse. I pity human Nature, without Individuals.

One Evening, I found Mr. ——— who has never done any thing in his whole Life, deeply engaged. He told me, *Madam, I am seeking the Year when my Uncle ——— was consecrated Bishop of ———*; and went on, carefully turning over a large Book, without minding that I was standing all the while, and had earnest Business with him; and what was it to me whether his Uncle was a Bishop or a Curate? I took the Liberty to sit myself down by him, in order to dispatch this important Point; but to no Purpose; and after going through a tedious Roll of Honours during the Reigns of a Parcel of strange Kings of the first and second Race, I express my Admiration at the Antiquity of his Genealogy, as a Preamble to my Request that he would hear me, but for one Minute. Do you think he would,
till

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till he had traced it all down to *Henry the Great*? Then, Thanks to some mean Intermarriages which put him to a Stand, I opened my Affair to him, and by his thoughtful Looks imagined he listened with the Attention it deserved; but instead of the Answer which I expected, You see, Madam, said he, mine is no Mushroom Family, but one of the best and most antient in all the Country.

The Desire of pleasing often puts us upon Actions to which we have naturally a strong Repugnance; but he who loves a Woman of Spirit, and some have a great deal, will not be outdone by her. Madam *B*——, was lately married to a Husband whom she passionately loved. At one of their Visits, a Party of Play was proposed, where a Loser affronted her Husband; who made no Reply: When Madam *B*——, was got home, she addressed

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dressed herself in this Manner to her Husband: Sir, you know, that by marrying you I have forfeited the Friendship of all my Relations, and refused very considerable Matches to make your Fortune: These, not to mention any other, are substantial Proofs that I have no small Love for you; yet if you do not fight Mr. —, tomorrow, I shall always look upon you as a Poltroon, and retire into a Convent: This Speech at first startled Mr. B——, but in Deference to his Lady's just Remonstrance, he challenged Mr. —, and wounded him; then came, and throwing himself at her Feet, returned her Thanks for preserving his Honour. Madam B——'s Joy at the Sight of her Husband, may be inferred from her extreme Agony whilst that dangerous Affair was in Suspence. However, it did not give her any higher Ideas of his Courage, well knowing that a brave Man does not stay
to

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to be put in mind of his Duty; for she let her Town-House, and carried her Husband into a solitary Part of the Country, where, if he wanted Courage, he would be out of any Call for it. I know many Women will be very loud against Madam B——; let them, I like her Behaviour vastly. A known Coward of a Husband is best dead: Notwithstanding all your Affection, there are some Occasions when he must be hazarded. It may be replied, why should Women be nicer in Point of Honor than Men, who continue to live very easily with Women of a lost Reputation; so much the worse for them; besides they can't well take any other Course, for the Generality of Women make little Scruple of exposing themselves to be dismissed; whereas a Man's Want of Courage is but rarely discovered; so that the Ignominy is not equal.

We

We are in the Wrong both with respect to our good and bad Tempers, magnifying the former, and extenuating the latter, without the least Intention to improve the good and amend the bad. After a long Life and daily Experience of our Habits, our Knowledge of ourselves is very defective, and we die just the same Persons as we lived. Our Wants are all that we have a quick Sense of, and these we will satisfy at any Rate. This is my Frame of Mind, and I verily believe of all my Fellow-Creatures. I was once, and but once, so taken with a Country-Seat, that if wishing the Owner in the Mansions of the Dead would have done, the House was mine. It is well that few Things please me, for I should be perpetually wishing the Destruction of those who enjoyed them. But my Whimsicalness, or rather Moderation, saves me those cruel

Hanc

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Hankerings; and my Desires being regulated by my Ability, no one is the worse for them.

Illiterate People seem to have an Advantage over others; taught only by Instinct, they possess themselves in a surprising Unconcernedness about any future Crosses; they alone seem adapted for this kind of Heroism. Tomorrow will bring its Cares, they only mind the current Time; nothing terrifies them, or so much as perplexes them, they have no Misgivings. They seem easy under Distress, and enjoy Plenty and Pleasure with such a Gust as if they were beyond the Reach of Want and Sorrow. I have especially observed this in Domestics; they will venture rather to be kicked out of Doors than not give their Tongues a Loose about their Masters; whereas Fear and Caution are the Products of Education: Thus the Sweet and the Sower are mixed
in

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in all Conditions. God has tempered the meaner Class according to their Functions. Who with our Thoughts and Sentiments would stoop to those sordid Services in which they are glad to be employed?

How many can't see any Caprice, Oddity, Humor, or Freak in themselves; but this is a strange Blindness. I know some would be thought Philosophers, yet abound with them as much as any only Daughter who knows herself to be handsome; and are so unreasonable as to expect we should overlook in them, what is an unpardonable Crime in us. Let them keep to their Humors, and mind any Amendment as little as their Neighbours, if they will but spare ours: However, before the Verdict be given about this Inequality of Temper, it should be known on which Side it lies; whether in the Person
com-

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complaining or complained of; but may not this Case be like some Distempers, in which Objects of all Colours appear yellow; besides how are we obliged to wear always the same Countenance, and be in the same Temper? Are there no Emergencies in Life which justify an Alteration in both, must Sensibility be termed Caprice? Who shall decide these Questions? Not they, by any Means, who personate Caprice, whose daily Diversion is to vex their Acquaintance with a theatrical Spleen, and affect to be out of Humor to try their Easiness: Now I allow myself to be sometimes this perverse Creature, and in this, I am no more than like most Women; wherefore this must be referred to the Men:

They who love one another, should be observant of all their Words and every Part of their Behaviour, to avoid the least Offence.

The

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The Connexions of Love and Friendship must break, without Politeness and Condescension. The Lover who offends his Mistress deserves to be eternally disgraced; and though a Friend, who talks harshly, may sometimes deserve Pity, yet he always deserves Resentment. The mutual Abhorrence so much to be lamented among married People, owes its first Rise to a want of Decorum on both Sides, and their being tyed up to bear with each others Abruptness. Lovers, be but discreet, polite and complaisant, and you'll never fail of kind Returns. Friends, be sincere, easy, officious and polite, and you will have fast Friends. Husbands, I don't much concern myself about you, however see and grow better if you can, though you must be bad indeed, not to deserve what little Regard your Wives are pleased to shew you.

By

By Creeping one may reach to great Heights; whereas Running often occasions a Fall; that's the Sum of my Observations; in order to a better Acquaintance with the Advantages of cringing and crouching, I should consult some sneaking Wretch, perhaps, I might then descant more fluently upon them, but I am certain, my Detestation would not be one whit abated.

To prescribe the same Remedy for all Evils, is the readiest Way to make many worse; some require Hurry, others Solitude, whilst others are best removed by Company; some may be cured by Reflection, and others must not be thought upon at all. *Exert your Reason, give yourself up to Diversions, put on a Resolution,* is the Cry; and not much amiss; but the Point is, at what Season, and to whom this is urged: Good Sense is rather an
Ob-

CHARACTERS. 169

struction to Comfort, shewing us our Calamities, and the Consequences of our Follies in the fullest Light : Where then, good Sense, is your so much boasted Worth! Happy Imbecility, desirable sometimes, even to your most supercilious Contemners.

Some Persons are so impetuous in their Desires, as to be hardly restrained by Impossibility; the Consciousness of which puts them out of all Patience. I know by Experience, that the best Reasons make but a poor Figure when they thwart, I don't say, an Affair of Concern, but a Whim; a Whim being with me and all Females something very momentous. Lovers must indispensibly gratify them; and when that is impossible, they must not fail to approve them, to allow that they become us, and to humor them, by sometimes changing a Watch for a Snuff-Box, a Snuff-
I
Box

Box for a Tooth-pick-Case, and the Case for a Paper of Tooth-Pickers.

The Army implies Politeness, Galantry, a Knowledge of the World, and of the Punctilio's in Behaviour, but it has nothing to do with Sciences, Literature, Philosophy, paying of Debts and such Bagatelles. But are not the continual Fatigues and Dangers of War a sufficient Ground for a Man to look big and challenge Respect in time of Peace? Well fare the Officers with their Ignorance, if they are but Men of Mettle, and know how to fight stoutly; that's enough. But you'll say, there are Times of Relaxation, their Swords are not ever drawn, and I could wish Officers would bestow their Leisure to rise in the Esteem of the rational World: Who would disapprove their making literary Acquisitions whilst they are young,
and

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and encouraged to it by their Parents? Is all the vacant Time particular to that Profession, to run to waste? By all Means, let them repose themselves after their Fatigues, but not for a Course of Years. Should they, because they have shewn themselves such glorious Men in two or three Campaigns, be authorized to pass the whole Remainder of their Lives among trifling Women! and are not Things come to this Pass? Most Women give their Time to the Gaming and Dressing-Tables, where the Officers pay regular Attendance. All that I have to say to these Invectives, is, that they proceed from such as don't place such a high Value upon Courage as I do; who with *Montaigne* require only that Men should be fit for their Calling; as when I am sick, I don't mind my Physician's Religion, if his Prescriptions be but proper; nor do I rail at the Ignorance and

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feminity of the Officers in the Time of Peace, if they have behaved well in War. Let every Class enjoy its Privileges. The Noblesse is the Seminary of Heroes; the Criterion of the Gentry, is Spirit and Valour. A lower Degree furnishes the Men of Erudition; those who seem born to be ignorant, strive to distinguish themselves by their Skill, Industry, and other Points of mechanic Merit. Let us disturb no one in the Enjoyment of an established Character, nor others in their Emulation. The only thing to be feared herein, is, that the latter will have the best on't; so many Persons of base Birth enoble themselves, so many Nobles debase themselves, that at last Capacity may come to exalt itself upon the Ruins of Nobility.

It is a Rarity to see an eminent Placeman cultivate the Sciences, or even intermix Study with the Pleasures

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tures of his Leisure, and Pleasures often indecent. There is only one who is equally conspicuous for his Discharge of a fatiguing Employment, and at the same time for his Attachment to Literature. To reconcile the Scholar, and the Statesman, to please the Sovereign, and gladden the People, and at the same time to be the Admiration of the Men of Letters, are Honors peculiar to this compleat Personage.

Some Faults are productive of Virtues. I am not for conversing with faultless People, as I stand often in need of Pardon; let me be with those, to whom I may return the Favour. But the most insupportable of all, are they, who have neither Vices nor Virtues, and these swarm every where; they are nauseous even to their own Species. I had rather be wicked, than neither good nor wicked. An Equilibre in the Mind, is contrary to Nature. I like a strong

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Propen-

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Propensity to Evil, better than a languid Inclination to Good. Mediocrity belongs only to the Pusillanimous. I can't away with it, in any thing, nor ever shall; I had rather have the Fragments of a fine Piece of China, than a Wooden-bowl which is whole, but not worth casting an Eye upon. How little soever I have, let it all be superfine. This Diamond is very small; true, but then it is perfect. This is a Nicety from which I never shall depart. I have spoke my Mind; and if ever I chuse a Lover, he should be far above the Common. Fy upon a Man who is like all other Men!

The Freedom of Confidence and Friendship, spreads a Joy through the Mind, and sets Wit and Fancy on the Wing. Among Friends some happy Sallies come from us, which we should suppress in an indifferent Company. When I see
Strangers

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Strangers push a Discourse confidently with Strangers, I can't help thinking that they are void of Modesty, or take their Hearers to be void of common Sense.

Never were Families thinner than of late, very few exceed two Children; surely, this does not arise from the mutual Aversion of the Married; however, where can one see a Stock of well-limb'd sound Children, but among the Country Women, or the lower sort at *Paris*? Few Right Honourable Families can shew a promising Shoot: This is a political Defect, well worthy the Interposition of those who know wherein the true Riches of a State consist, and whose peculiar Charge it is, to attend to its Increase: I only recommend to them the Article upon Divorce in the *Spirit of the Laws*.

It is not amiss sometimes to pretend Ignorance; a dissembled Can-

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dour has its Use in Business, and particularly adapted against those, who most mistrust and hate any Person, who they think knows as much as themselves: They lift up their Voice, as if they were speaking to the Deaf; and their Voice is heard, and that's all. It is very happy, that they who would be thought so frank and candid, are bely'd by their very Looks; the Device won't take, till they can model their Phiz, and that's an Overmatch for all their Cunning.

The Injunctions of Love, Friendship, and Gratitude, are the only pleasurable ones; any Duty is irksome, and performed at best, but awkwardly, without one of these Dispositions; Compulsion spoils all the Accuracy no less than the Pleasure.

Like Mistress, like Lover. What Woman would be so mean spirited as to take up with Madam — s Lover; he disgrac'd himself sufficiently by
be-

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becoming her humble Servant, but much more by many Things which she has either permitted or advised? Don't be under any Apprehensions, Madam, of being deprived of a Lover who suits you so exactly; with all his fine Face and Shape, and Wit, and Courtliness, he'll never tempt any body; you have fix'd him for ever; you seem indeed made for each other, so that you may sleep without dreaming: His Ignominy and that of your own infamous self, secure you the everlasting Possession of that Scoundrel.

Women who do not consult their Honor in the Lover, may they have one of the forementioned Stamp! He who pays a servile Obedience to the Suggestions of a vile Woman, is little worse than herself; for amidst all the Ardor of Passion, the Laws of Probity should be sacred. What we do for them, and what they do for us, does not

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stand in the same Point of View ; our Transgressions are indulgently call'd Frailties, theirs, damnable Crimes. Our Duties are said to lye within a narrower Compass than theirs ; and let a Woman but keep up a decent Exterior, all is well ; whereas, Men are to be no less observant of some Trifles, than of the most essential Duties ; and any Slip in the former, raises Suspicions of the whole Man. Of these, one is the Matching one's self aright, this indeed is the Way not to change quickly : A vicious Man lives easily with a vicious Woman ; a Poltroon with *des De* — an abandoned Fellow, with a Woman of a lost Character, and a Scrub with a Creature brought up no better than himself. The amiable Man would cease to be so if he should make a Choice beneath that Predicament ; whatever belongs to him, no less than himself, should be clear of all Suspicion.

In

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In my *Advice*, I have said, that a Man is to be known by his Mistress, his Company, and his Books, and I would say so again and again, before the whole reverend *Sorbonne*.

Vicious Persons are not susceptible of a delicate Love; it cannot dwell in a foul Heart; accordingly they who feel it in any Degree, enjoy a Pleasure unknown to the Bulk of Mankind. They who are incapable of it, will say that there is no such Thing, that it is an extravagant, ridiculous Chimera, and what not; but I affirm that there is such a Thing, and that it is rational, and full of refined Joys. Some Women can't endure a Spinnette, only because they can't play upon it. The affected Contempt of a delicate Love springs from the same Cause; there is always some latent Envy at the Bottom of it.

What

What I have said in my first Piece on Play and Gallantry has been exclaimed against, as too severe on Play, and too relax on Gallantry; but my Reason was, that Play is a very silly Amusement; and which we may leave, or take; but Gallantry a Foible, perhaps out of our Power: But one of that sort of Men, who prate upon every Thing, and know nothing, and are for obtruding their Admonitions every where, was pleased to alledge, that Play, being an universal Amusement, all Censure of it was improper, without perceiving, that this made still more for Gallantry; no Matter, he would hear of no Censure, but wanted a Set of Rules for People to play, without any Desire of winning or the least Breach of Probity and Politeness; but this is past my Skill, and playing has ever been my Aversion. What I shall say is, let Men take care of playing with
 31 Women

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Women on two Accounts ; the first is, what is well known, and they may be told of, that they play ill ; the Second, which is no Secret, but not to be told them, is, that they cheat ; Tricking generally is too hard for Skill, and Fortune seems to favour Cheats, so that they who know their Views in losing at Play with Women, would do much better to open their Purfes to them without this Formality ; for besides this saving them a deal of mispent Time and Peevishness, they would much sooner know what Course they have to take. Some are jilting Gamesters, who at sitting down to play, give several encouraging Hints, for a Man to lose his Money freely, when after all, he is nothing nearer his Ends. These, and many such Passages have come in my Way, over which, however, I must throw a Veil, or stand the Fury of by far the Majority of my own Sex ; I cannot however forbear say-

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saying, that Play and Hunting are two senseless Pastimes; and that he is in a bad Way, who can do nothing better. The Women, one and all, cry, we must play, there's no living without it, Time would lye upon our Hands; and in this so very wise Reasoning, they are seconded by the generality of Men; now, I never play, yet am never at a Loss how to spend my Time. I am an Instance that Play is not a necessary Amusement; but here I must obviate an ill-natured Reply, being afraid of Detraction, and this is what Gamesters delight in; for at Play, as I have observed, their Minds may run on other Things. Be it then known to all Female Gamesters, that I am often alone, and love to be so, and that many more are of the same Disposition: These Gamesters will plead for their Amusement, so would I, if my Pleasures wanted an Apology; but can any Thing
be

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be more innocent than reading, writing, taking a Walk, conversing with Friends, and now and then a little Music? these are my daily Occupations, and they have no Remorse. I myself am not only the better for them, but my Intimates also.

Whatever you may think of this, you will allow, that though a *Comet* * will please the profest Gamesters, infinitely better than my Maxims; yet my committing them to Paper, is to you, and to me who declare against Gaming, a better Entertainment than all the Comets in the World. I expect the Gamesters will call me an *ignorant Joan*, a Creature of no Manner of Spirit, unsufferable in Company; let them rail on, they'll never set my Friends against me; and what care I for the rest.

Men have such a low Opinion of Women's Sense, that they make
par-

* A Game at Cards.

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particular plain Books for us, as they do Catechisms for Children, adapted to the meanest Capacities.

It is sometimes necessary to divert the Attention of others from its main Mark, and give an unobserved Turn to a Conversation which would have drawn us into some disagreeable Particulars; or to wind others into Concessions, which, they would have eluded, if foreseen. There is no Artifice more excusable, and at the same Time more easy; unless with a Person of extream Sagacity, and whom it greatly concerns not to be surpris'd. Few Talents are of more frequent Use to Statesmen; communicating our Designs is frustrating them. This kind of Deceit is very common, and practis'd without the least Scruple.

It is not all the good Conduct imaginable which commands Success,
it

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it rather depends on a Connection of Events which we can neither prevent or foresee ; whilst we imagine Things to be under our Controul, they actually dispose of us ; and thus it happens that an immense Fortune comes into the Hands of a Fool, whilst a fine Genius is starving. We have seen Women with no distinguishing Allurements, either in Body or Mind, wantoning in what the Beauty and fine Qualities of others, seem'd more properly to deserve. Birth, Intellects, and perhaps the Qualities of the Heart are all fortuitous ; Chance disposes of us ; we may thank Chance for Beauty, Riches, and Honours ; nothing is exempt from its Dominion. If at any Time, Prudence secures us from its Turns and Caprices, this very Prudence is one of its Gifts. It can only be counteracted by watching Events, and varying our Conduct with them ; but there is no doing this without being free from

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from Passions, Avocations and Attachments; a State which is only ideal. What then is to be done? leave all to Chance? Why really it often answers best, ends better than either our own Virtues or Vices: But what is this Chance? Let *La Pluche*, *Musschenbroek*, or *Hales* answer that; I only know that there is such a Thing, and possibly it cannot be explicitly defined, without unfolding the entire Mechanism of the Universe.

Every one says, if I were rich, I should not fail to make a handsome Use of my Riches. I am something surprized, that so many, who are not fit for any one single Thing, should fancy themselves qualified for a large Fortune; there must be Goodness of Heart to deal out Liberalities, Discernment to chuse deserving Objects, a Justness of Taste for decent Diversions and rational Pleasures: For what signifies

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nifies Wealth unless employed in this Manner ; and are the Multitude who boast how Riches would become them, furnished with this Benevolence, with this Discernment, and this Elegancy of Taste ? Numbers of People with large Incomes seem to me to live in a very sordid manner. There is no Decorum, no OEconomy in all their Expenditures : Tired of the Town, in Spring they remove into the Country, without partaking of its Pleasures ; the Smile of Nature is without Charms to them : Gaming is all the Amusement of their Recess. Then they return to the former Course of Lassitude at *Paris*. They will see Operas without any Taste for Music : They go to the Play, because they must go some-where : They will have a Library without looking into a Book ; they have Mistresses without any Desire, and Friends without any friendly Inter-
course ; magnificent Furniture with-
out

out Conveniencies; their Supineness, false Taste and Sordidness are glaring in every Part. With Five Thousand Pounds a Year, they eat and drink, and dress, buy, and give, and live and die as if they had no more than one. What becomes then of the Savings? they serve to fill Chests. This any body can do, and if this be right, who will may say, I believe I should make a handsome Use of Riches.

He, who with all his Riches had not Understanding enough to improve them to the Felicity of Life, has no Reason to regret the Conclusion of it; what can he who lives without any Relish, do better than cease to live? Death, methinks, should be the King of Terrors, only to the Voluptuous; the Air of this World to them is saturated with delicious Odours, no Wonder then, if the Evaporation of these Fragrances in which they took

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took such excessive Delight throws them into Agonies.

I was once questioned wherefore I had such an Aversion to a Crowd? I hate a Crowd, said I, because in a Multitude of Men there is a Multitude of Enormities, Vices, Defects, Ridicules and Follies: If my own Reason intimates to me that among this Crowd there are many Men of Parts, Honor and compleat Worth, and perhaps some of my Friends; this would only put me more out of Humor with this Crowd, for hiding from me such valuable Persons; and my Bent is so strong this way, that my Countenance clears up, my Peevishness is all over, my natural Cheerfulness returns, I forgive the Crowd, if my Eyes happen to perceive in it any Friend of mine; then all my Powers concenter in him; my Imagination detaches him from the Throng and I see him only; but ob-

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observe what a Humorist I am, should that dear, valued Person force himself out of the Crowd and come and place himself near me, then my Contempt encreases, and this Crowd becomes more hateful than before, upon a Notion that if there were a few Drops of Virtue amongst an Ocean of Vices, whilst my Friend was in it, now it is all Vice and Folly. Nay, I cannot forbear saying, that if from some Eminence I were to see a whole Nation gathered together, and had about me, all the several Persons for whom I have any Concern, with the Power of destroying this innumerable Multitude by a single Motion of my Will, I am convinced that I should do it, horrible as it is; that myself and my Friends might be pestered with no Intruders; and there being little Likelihood that Mankind will ever amend, I am sure, my Contempt will never abate.

I have

I have also laid my Aversion to Mankind home to myself, and find that Self-love has some Share in it. Were I superior to all others in Beauty, Rank and Glitter, then I should never find Fault with Numbers, for their Looks and Homages would heighten my Satisfaction; but my Vanity rises, at being only an undistinguished Part of a Multitude; the Idea fills me with Indignation. I have felt the Truth of this, at such Times when I happened to be more brilliant than ordinary; I fretted that there was no more Company; then the more the better, and I could hardly receive the Compliments of my Friends with a tolerable Grace, for thinking how many more did not see me. Yet I am far from being a Coquet; but I am a Woman, and no better pleased with being so, than the rest of my Sex.

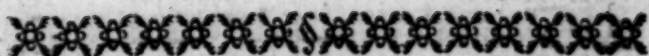
Na-

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Nature has gifted some Persons with the most engaging Dispositions, and an Aptitude for whatever is excellent ; their Love of Virtue and Glory is so nice that nothing short of Perfection will gain their Applause ; and are these without their Faults ? No, they are not ; but I would prefer their Faults to the Virtues of the Commonality. There is such an Agreeableness and Delicacy in their minutest Fancies, that Persons of refined Sentiments cannot censure them. If a Society is to be found which consists only of such Persons, and of those who can excuse their Failings, procure me, kind Heaven, to be admitted to such Felicity.



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